CONTEMPLATIO MORTIS, ET IMMORTALITATIS.

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AVthorem cupis ergò scire (Lector!)
Prudentẽ memora, Grauem, Dynastam,
Iuris consule Consulem Peritum;
Omnes Iudicij Gradus prementem;
Nullo Iudicij Gradu Minorem!
En, tot post Hyemes fugacis Æui,
Plenum Annis, Pietate, Honore plenum,
Authorem tibi Cygneæ Camenæ!
Nomen (si lateat) sub hoc Sigillo
Signatum tegitur. —

R. .B

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PHiloſophers, Stateſmen, and Diuines doe all hold, that in this world there are but *tria genera vitæ: Vna eſt actiua: Altera Contemplatiua: Tertia voluptuaria.*

Which of theſe is beſt, *Quæritur:*

Actio Contemplationis expers, is but *vita impolita*; Contemplation, if it take vp all a mans time makes *vitam ſterilem.*

Voluptuaria vita, though it bee not *otioſa*, becauſe it is in *actu*: yet is but *deſidioſa occupatio.* Amongſt theſe, who ſo tries all as I haue done, ſhall finde; that Action profites moſt, but Contemplation pleaſes beſt: ſpecially that which

indebts a man to action. For man was not made for Contemplation onely. It is true, retirednesse is more safe then businesse, yet as he is not happy that is alwayes busie: so a publike man should not alwayes be shut vp in thoughts, pleasing his life in the sweetnesse of thinking.

The sweetnesse of thoughts, and vertue of Contemplation, lyes in the right choyce of the subiect: euery knowing man being so inquisitiue by nature, and of so busie a fancie, as it is happy for him in this way to fall vpon a fit subiect.

Some ancient Fathers, and some late Writers haue fixed vpon the loue of God, some vpon the Passion of Christ, some vpon the ioyes of Heauen, some vpon contempt of the World. So seuerall others vpon seuerall other subiects, all opining, that some one is to be chosen. For who so will *viuere sibi*, must *vacare Deo*.

Ego in meo solito recessu in quo à nego-

negotijs publicis vacans, mihi ipsi vacaueram (which was but seldome) found it fruitfull, vsefull, and delightfull, *cogitare de Nouissimo.*

Quatuor sunt Nouissima, say the Fathers; Death Iudgement, Heauen and Hell, Subiects large enough.

But considering I had passed so much imployment, so many offices in seuerall professions, I was some while musing whether any of these fitted me to contemplate. In the reuolution of many things, I found, that when Meditation had produced Deuotion, then it applied it selfe to Contemplation. And that true Contemplation required a settlement vpon some diuine obiect. Hereupon I made choice of Death and Immortality for the subiect of my Contemplation.

But first my thoughts did beate to finde a difference betwixt Meditation and Contemplation.

Meditation or recogitation, I saw was but a reiterated thought, proper to production either of good or euill. *Day and night haue I meditated on thy Law*, saith *Dauid* in one Psalme: in another, *Why haue they meditated vaine things?* But Diuines doe now dedicate Contemplation to diuine mysteries. Which affecting our soules, and exciting our wils, produceth some holy resolution. We meditate, saith one, to know God; we contemplate to loue God. Meditation is the mother, Contemplation is the daughter. When God himselfe had seene the things created in seuerall peeces, hee said, they were *good*. But when hee considered the Vniuerse (as it were in Contemplation) then he said. Loe, they were *exceeding good*.

For Meditation considers her obiects peece by peece; but Contemplation summes them vp all together, and sees as in a grosse, all the seuerall beauties of Meditati-

ons

ons obiects. Meditation is with a man as hee that ſmels the Violet, the Roſe, the Ieſſamie, and the Oringe flowers, diuidually one after the other. But Contemplation is a ſweete water compounded of them all. This is more elegantly denoted in the Canticles; where the Spouſe plaites vp her haire, truſſing it vp in one knot, to ſhew that wee ſhould not diffuſe our thoughts into variety of conſiderations, but recollect them by contemplation.

The end of all is, after many changes of meditations and diſcourſes to reduce all cogitations to one concluſion. Which is, contemplation of things diuine. Herewith a mans ſoule being once affected, heo ſhall hardly obtaine leaue of his thoughts to returne againe to imployment.

Now to returne *ad meum Noviſſimum. What man liueth* (ſaith *Dauid*) *and ſhall not ſee death?* And if after death *Iuſtus vix ſaluabitur*,

nabitur, as the Gospel saith; Then wee may well be fearfull, and had need bee carefull, that wee be not taken vnprepared.

When I was a yong man (saith *Seneca*) my care was to liue well I practised *Artem benè viuendi*: when age came vpon mee, I studied *Artem bene moriendi*, how to die well.

It is true, *Iter vitæ occupatis non apparet, nisi in fine*: yet when I was *occupatissimus*, *hoc me dulci oblectabam solatio, aliquando me victurum mihi.* And this at last I am come to, *disponendo, non mutando me.*

The couenant of the graue is shewed to no man, saith the Wiseman: But the watch-word is giuen to all men: *Sint lumbi præcincti. Lucernæ ardentes, semper vigilantes.* Lord let me bee found in this posture, when I shall be to die.

Nunquàm ego fortunæ credidi, etiamsi videretur pacem agere.

I haue had my portion as another

ther man, of the worlds fauours: yet did they neuer ſo delight mee, or abuſe me, as to make me neglect, or to deferre this worke of preparation. I conſidered this, *Guttatim per horas & dies fluit vita.* And although the houre bee not paſt till all the glaſſe be runne, *& nemo multùm ex ſtillicidio poteſt perdere:* yet the glaſſe then runnes moſt faintly, when it drawes neereſt to effluxion. Carefull *Martha* was full buſie about many things, but was well admoniſhed, there was onely *vnum neceſſarium.*

Phyſicians exclaime, *Vita breuis, Ars longa eſt.* But Diuines teach, *Ars optima eſt viuendo diſcere artem bene moriendi.* If this Science be to learne, when *præ foribus Mors eſt*; Thy ſin-ſicke Soule will ſay, *Infelix ego homo, quis me liberabit à corpore mortis huius?* But if thou haſt learnt it betimes, then it will reioyce to ſay, *Mihi viuere Chriſtus eſt, & mori, lucrum.*

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lucrum. Welcome death, more blessed then my birth.

In the whole course of my life I haue alwayes thought the right way to die, was to liue well; and the way to liue well in the world, was to die betimes to the world.

Mihi Mundus crucifixus, & ego Mundo: yet I found it *rem difficilem; In mundo viuere, & mũdi bona contemnere.* Therefore for assistants, I tooke three coadiutors; Faith, Hope, Charity. *Charitatem ex corde puro, spem ex conscientia bona, fidem non fictam.* And for my soules health often vsed this preparatiue; *Examen conscientiæ meæ Nam quicunque cordis habet salutem suam,* let him euery day, *manè & vespere* examine his heart, *Quid nocte vel die præcedente*, hath hee thought, hath hee said, hath hee done, *Et in quo peccati labem inuenerit*, Let him mend it, *cum proposito efficaci, simili non peccare.* This if it be done daily, I dare boldly say, *Vix fieri potest, vt quis moriendo*

moriendo peccet, aut peccando moriatur.

Inter these thoughts, I had these things in Contemplation.

1. First, what Death was, and the kinds of death.

2. Secondly, what feares or ioyes death brought.

3. Thirdly, when death was to be prepared for, and how.

4 Fourthly death approaching, what our last thoughts should then be.

Of these I thus resolued.

What death is.

THat Death was a fall, which came by a fall. Our first framed father *Adam* falling, in him we all fell. *Cecidimus omnes* (saith S. *Bernard*) *super acerbum lapidem in luto, vnde inquinati & vulnerati sumus.* Therefore we needed water in Baptisme to wash vs, Blood in the Eucharist to heale vs.

This falling sickenesse infected not onely the person, but the nature (such is the infection of euill, alwayes worse then the Act) making

king man that was immortall, ſubiect to Death, as are Birds and Beaſts: whereas before wee were differenced from them in this condition, though made of the ſame matter, *Duſt*. Yet as we now ſtand, the fault is ours, if that fall bee not our riſe: the aduantage wee haue by Chriſt, being more then the damage wee had by *Adam*: When there was, a *Morte* put vpon *Morieris*: A Spirituall death added to the bodily; that was deadly: But now Commination being turned into Promiſe, though we die, we die in promiſe: yet proud nature would fain reaſpire to that it was: *Ideo, quiſtat, videat ne cadat*: For relapſe may turne vs againe to be as Birds and Beaſts, that haue no ioy, but being; no ſorrow, but dying. Man that made himſelfe miſerable by ſinning, Mercy made him mortall: *Ne in eternum eſſemus miſeri.*

Conſider death originally, or in his owne nature, and it is but a departed

parted breath from dead earth, inliuened at first by breath cast vpon it: *Mors Tinea est*, saith *Iob. Ex vsle oritur Tinea, ex corpore mors.* Take the dimension of it, and it is but a point of time interiected betweene two extreames: A Parenthesis which interposed, breakes no sense, when the words meete againe: a Mediterranean that runneth betwixt two lands; one that we haue, the other which wee expect; thats the land of promise. When *Seneca* was asked, *Quid est Mors?* he answered, *Aut finis est, aut transitus. Rogatus Secundus Philosophus*, said to the Emperour *Adrian, Mors est æternus somnus, Diuitum Pauor, pauperum desiderium, incerta peregrinatio, inuitabilis euentus, latro hominis, fuga vitæ, resolutio omnium. Plato* said it was *Lex Naturæ, Tributum mortalium. Scaliger* defines it to bee, but the cessation of the soules functions. O saith *Austine*, that I could see death, not as it was, but as thou Lord,

Lord, hast now made it.

All men grant the cause of Death was iust, yet few can tell, who was the Author, or whats the name or nature of it. *Æstimemus singula famâ remotâ queramus quid sint, non quid vocentur.*

The nature of Death.

In Nature it can be nothing, for it hath no cause efficient, but deficient. *Post mortem nihil est, ipsaq; Mors nihil.* It hath no Essence, though Existence. It is no substance, but priuation; no creature, but *creaturarum sepultura.* Therefore curiously to search the Efficient of it, were to labour the eye to see darkenesse. God made it not, saith the booke of Wisedome, nor is it mentioned as any of his workes. God that made all things, saw that all things which hee had made, were good. *Omne ens bonum, & omne bonum est ens.* Therefore good S. *Augustine* said finely, *Lord thou hast not made Death, wherefore, I beseech thee, suffer not that which thou hast not made, to raigne*

euer that which thou haſt made. It is no errour to ſay, that man made death. For curioſitie (the itch of mans ſoule) affecting to know that which God neuer made, which was the euill of death, thinking it had been good, to know euill, by deſiring to know it, made it. Hee that knew all other things, knew not this one thing, that hee knew enough. So diuine a thing is knowledge, that wee ſee, innocencie it ſelfe was ambitious of it. Life did not content (that was thought but the act of knowledge:) knowledge was the life the ſoule looked at. That yet begets a ſtudious ſcrutiny to diſcouer things wee can neuer know. So wee ſee, that although Nature be moderate in her deſires, yet conceit is vnſatiable. Since enough was left vs to know and feele our ſelues miſerable. But ſince God hath reuealed more then wee can know, enough to make vs happy; let vs learne ſober knowledge, and contented ignorance. Who

The Author of death.

Who then was the Authour of Death? The booke of Wisedome saith, that through enuie of the diuell, death came into the world, and they that hold on his side, finde it. But if the Diuell was the father, Sinne was the mother. For saith Saint *Iames*, sinne being finished, trauaileth in child-birth like a mother to bring foorth death. *Adam* falling, sinne followed him: Man being tempted, Death attempts him, and by sinne death entred. Death had no interest in man, til sinne had dispossessed him of the freehold hee had in God. There was no trust in Gods seruants, saith *Eliphaz*, but euen Angels were charged with folly. And to doe the Diuell right, hee did but perswade, not compell. It was in mans choice to stand or fall. *Adam acceperat posse, quod vellet: non velle, quod posset: nos acccepimus & posse quod volumus; & velle, quod possumus: ille posse non mori, nos non posse mori, sic Augustinus.* Power

of

of ſtanding, man had from God, but poſſibilitie of falling from himſelfe. Therefore though wee may thanke our firſt parents for our birth-ſinne; Yet wee may thanke our ſelues for improouing of it; wherefore ſaid the old Letanie, *A me, ſalua me, Domine.*

All mans natiue vertues were giuen him but in truſt, and vnder a condition. Hee abuſed the truſt, and brake the condition, ſo incurred the penaltie. For that is mans nature, euer ſubiect to extremities, either dull in want, or wanton in fruition. *Ne moriemini* was a faire warning, but hee cared not for it: when Satan tempted, hee conſented. Had the mind gouerned the eye, the Apple could not haue beguiled, though it was faire to ſee to. The proud aſpiring thought was hatched in man. The Diuell was but the deuiſer, ſinne was the Author, and wee being partners in the ſinne, ſhared likewiſe in the puniſhment. *Facinus*

quos

quos inquinat, aquat. Since then Death ſtole in at the eare, by our hearkening to ill counſell; let vs now caſt it out by the eares, through hearkening to Gods Word: the word of life, the life of Death.

The name of Death.

For the name of Death: Saint *Iohn* cals it a ſleepe, *Amicus noſter Lazarus dormit.* Of Saint *Stenen* it was ſaid, *and when hee had thus ſpoken, he ſlept.* The Patriarks and Kings of Iudah ſlept with their Fathers. *Tranſitum ad vitam aliqui appellant mortem*, ſaith Saint *Bernard. Sed ideo Scriptura dormientes appellat, vt euigilaturos minimè deſperemus. He is not dead* (ſaith *Dauid*) *but ſleepeth, whoſe fleſh doth reſt in hope.* The night ſauours of mortalitie, and ſleepe is but the ſhadow of death, and where the ſhadow is, the body cannot bee farre off. *In vita vigilant iuſti; ideo in morte dicuntur dormire. Somnus Ægrotantium, vt nouimus, ſalutis eſt inditium:* When God made a Helpee.

per vnto man, he ſent a Sleepe vpon him.

But let it bee *Mors à morſu*, which our firſt Parents taſted; or *Mors à morâ*, which yet tarries for vs all. Let her be ſtiled Lady, miſtreſſe of the world, that will not bee courted, nor yet caſt off. Yet is ſhee but *vox tantùm*, a thing next to nothing, *ſolo timenda ſono*. Better is it called a transfiguration, or tranſmigration from life by death to life againe, *Exitus non tranſitus. Tranſitus quem ire non intelleximus, tranſiſſe ſentimus.* The graue is but a withdrawing roome to retyre in for a while, a going to bed to take reſt, ſweeter then ſleepe. And when it is time to riſe, *cùm expergiſcar*, then ſhall I be ſatisfied, ſaith the Prophet *Dauid*.

In the mean time it is common to all, *Mors etiam ſaxis nominibuſque venit.* Yet this fauour Nature hath done. *Quod grauiſſimum fecit, fecit commune, vt crudelitatem fati conſolaretur æqualitas.* Who liues

Death common to all.

liues and ſhal not ſee death? *Quiſquis ad vitam naſcitur, ad mortem deſtinatur*, it reſpects none. *Æquat omnes cinis.* It is as naturall to die as to be borne. *Licèt impares naſcimur, pares morimur:* No ſooner borne, but haſtening to die: *Orimur, morimur*, We come into the world with a ſheete about vs, as no ſooner borne, but going to bee buried. For all this, man is euen with Death. *Nunquàm enim magnis ingenijs chara in corpore mora eſt:* nay, the good Soule *agrè fert has anguſtias.* Therefore what great thing doth death in haſtening dayes? This ſhewes infirmity, rather then power; Age doth more; *Nil enim non longa demolitur vetuſtas:* Death onely ſhortens time, not life; for lifes time ſhortens by lengthening: *Morimur, quòd mortibus viuimus; morieris, non quia ægrotas, ſed quia viuis.* This all men are to know, that *mortis meritum*, is *peccati debitum*: Both impoſed on man for ſinne.

Sith

Life but a dying death

Sith then, it is a Statute made in heauen, *omnibus ſemel mori*, and that life is ſo momentanie, and death ſo certaine; *ſplendemus licèt, Hèu quàm citò frangimur corpora vitrea!* Since life it ſelfe is no true liuing, but a dying Being; & ſuch a Being, as euery day pants for breath, which nature fannes vpon it for a while, *Mors & fugacem perſequitur virum.* And ſince death is no death, but a going vnto heauen, and heauens comming vnto vs; How can a man but thinke it a well ſpent life, alwaies to be meditating vpon death?

But ſaith *Zenophon*, *Cur vitam contemnendam putas, & habes?* I will not inquire nor require more of death, but death. *Erras enim, qui interrogas. Quid ſit mors? Et propter quod mortem petam? Quaris enim aliquid ſupra ſummum.*

Life after Death.

But if a man dye ſhall he liue againe? ſaith *Iob.* Yes, ſaith Saint *Paul*, we that are in in this Tabernacle ſigh, and are burthened, becauſe

cauſe we would not be vnclothed, but cloathed vpon, that Mortalitie might bee ſwallowed vp of life.

Phœnix ſponte crematur (tho:
Vt redeat, propriog; ſolet pubeſcere le-
Sic tu corpus coactum (gurâ.
Deſere, mutatâ melior procede fi-

The bright dayes die into darke nights, but riſe againe a mornings. Though the body ſleepe a while in duſt, yet ſhall it ariſe after thy likeneſſe. The Soule which departed for a ſeaſon, ſhal, as Saint *Paul* ſaid of *Oneſimus*, come againe and be receiued for euer. That body which was ſowen a naturall body, ſhall riſe a ſpirituall bodie: Sow in teares, reape in ioy; who ſo goe foorth weeping and carrie precious ſeede, ſhall returne with ioy, and bring their ſheaues with them.

Yet *caro iſta, pulueries*, this clod of earth muſt lye a while in Duſt.

Sed

Sed resurget tandem, as the Queenes daughter *all glorious within*. For if in this life holinesse maketh the face of a man to shine by an Irradiation from the heart; what shalbe the beauty of the bodie glorified? Surely though it be not deified: yet shal it be purified, perfected, and immortalized. Our vile bodies shall be changed, saith Saint *Paul*, and fashioned like vnto his glorious body. Such glory haue all his Saints.

If the exchange bee such, who would not be willing, yea glad to die? *Nil minus est hominis occupati, quàm viuere. Quos autem felicitas granat, exclamant illi, Mihi viuere non licet.* It is a good minde to bee content to die, and willing to liue. But to be willing to die, and content to liue, is the mind of a strong Christian.

Diligimus mortem pariter, pariterque timemus.
Ipse metus te noster amat.

Death desireable for three respects.

When the Senator *Cato* was asked a question concerning Death; *Si Deus (inquit) ille mihi largiatur, vt repueraſcam, valdè recuſem. Nec tùm me vixiſſe pœnitet, quia benè vixi; nec timeo mori, quòd ex hoſpitio, non domo, diſcedam.*

Could we as innocently wiſh our owne death as the Saints doe the day of Iudgement: we might ſafely deſire death. But ill circumſtances vitiate our deſires, collaterall reſpects to our owne eaſe. As to be free from troubles, grieuances, Diſcontentments, and the like. Theſe commonly beget this wiſh in vs.

Although death bee not to bee ſought *in the errour of youth*, as the Preacher ſaith. Yet for ſome reſpects it may be deſired. *Portus eſt aliquando petendus, nunquàm recuſandus.*

As firſt, that ſo we may betimes leaue off to ſinne; ſince ſinne liues in vs, and leaues vs not till Death.

Death. *Dixit Socrates, Appropinquante morte multò es diuinior.*

The soules vnder the Altar cry, *Vsquequò Domine.* If they solicite for the day of Iudgement: Why not I for the day of death? since Deaths day is but the Eue of Gods Day, and that Sunday more blessed then any Saturday.

Secondly, the Soule that soone departs, *facilius ad superos iter facit, quia minùs facis ponderisque traxit.* 2

In this passage betweene life and death, whats the distance? So little, as with the Ancients the Embleme of life was *oculus apertus*: *Mortis, clausus*, but not *extinctus: nec plus interesse putauerunt inter mortem & vitam, quàm ictum oculi* Man is onely a winke of life, his life and death ioyned as neere as ioy and griefe; where teares expresse both.

Thirdly, that we might the sooner come to liue indeede. *Vita aeterna est illa vita vitalis ista est* 3

tantùm mortalis. For this cauſe ſaith *Bernard, præcipitat quiſq; vitam ſuam, futuri deſiderio laborat præſentium tædio.* Men commonly ſay, There is *nullum tempus præter Nunc.* But this preſent is not that which contents the Soule. *Nimis anguſtat gaudia, quæ præſentibus acquieſcit.* They are onely creatures of inferiour nature, that are pleaſed with the preſent.

Man is a future creature, his ſoule lookes at what is beyond this life. *Scrutatur quod vltra mundum, futura & præterita illum delectant; Hæc expectatione, illa recordatione.*

Who feeles not a deſire in his Soule of ſomething beyond this life, is not ſetled in the point of immortality of the Soule. For in euery Supernaturall man there is imprinted an vndeterminable deſire of more then life can miniſter. Therefore wee determine not our Contentment in things preſent but expect future things more

and

and greater then wee are heere capable of.

It would make a man heauenly proud, but to thinke of how Diuine a nature and quality his Soule is. The Heathens could say it was *Diuina particula Aura. Epicurus* makes it a Spirit mixt of fire and ayre: Others define it to be a selfe-mouing number. *Seneca* said, *Quid aliud est anima, quàm Deus in corpore humano hospitans?* Neuer could any giue it such a definition, that either an other, or himselfe could conceiue it.

And no wonder that a man cannot conceiue what his Soule is: Because it suffered a composure before it selfe was. Therefore *Admiration* rather then *Search* becomes a man in such a secret.

Tully said, *Mihi quidem nunquàm persuaderi potuit, animos dum in corporibus essent mortalibus, viuere; cùm exijssent ex ijs, emori.* Let mee euer worship the great God of this lit-

tle god, my Soule. *Et ne plus vltra.*

Onely this I know, That to no creature elſe God hath giuen a liuing ſoule nor is there hope in any creature elſe, but man; and this hope is giuen for ſuſtentation of his ſoule.

Hee that contemplates theſe things, will beare himſelfe too loftily, and thinke himſelfe too good to looke ſo low, as vpon the ſublunary things of this life. *Anguſtus eſt animus quem terrena delectant.*

How then can this Beauty bee pleaſed to inhabit long *contubernio iſto?* All it needs to care, is but Sepulture to that body which once had the Honour to bee the Temple of ſuch a gheſt: But becauſe many times the houſes of the dead and the vrned bones doe meet with foule hands, for this alſo Nature hath prouided, *vt diſertè ait Mæcenas, Nec tumulum quæro, ceperit Natura relictos.*

It

It is one of the daily petitions of euery good Soule, *Adueniat Regnum tuum*, Thy Kingdome come, O Lord. Yet saith *Ambrose*, *Hoc nitimur & reluctamur.* For *Quis sine querelâ moritur? Quis non gemens, quis non recusans exit? Quis cùm accesserit, non tergiuersatur, timet, plorat?*

Mans crosse nature.

In all things else, obserue how contrarily wee carry our selues. The labourer from his worke hastes to his bed. The Mariner rowes hard to gaine the Port. The Traueller is glad when hee is within kenning of his Inne: yet wee, when Death comes to put vs into our Port, shunne it as a rocke. We feare what wee should wish, and wish what wee should feare.

O fortunatiorem Marcellum eo tempore, quo exitum suum Bruto approbauit, quàm quo populo Romano consulatum! Heare, O Christian what the Pagan saith, *Quid ni non timeat, qui morisperat?* It is harder

Mans better choyce.

to make a true Philosopher patient of life, then of Death. *Hic spe mortis patientèr dolet, & tædio doloris libenter moritur. Hunc fert illam expectat, sed expectata Mors, tardè venit.*

I am in a straight betwixt two said Saint *Paul*, *whether to liue in the flesh were profitable for mee, and which to chuse I wote not.* Yet at last resolued, Liue or die, *Christ* was to him *aduantage.* I herefore *to bee loosed and to bee with Christ* was best of all. Till then, God grant that I may haue *vitam in patientiâ, mortem verò in desiderio.*

So shall I fulfill my course with ioy, life not deare, nor death grieuous.

Life and death compared.

In elder times both wise men, great men, and vaine men, had Death in such estimation, and so vndervalued life, as they fondly said, Had man beene worthy to know what life was before hee receiued it, hee would haue beene loth to accept it. *Nemo vitam acciperet*

ciperet, ſi daretur ſcientibus. Life would haue kept vs in ſlauerie, but that Death freed vs. They counted death but the retreite of life, *& optimum Naturæ inuentum:* for by it euery man might make himſelfe happy, no man be longer miſerable then he will. *Placetne vita? vine. Non placet? licet eo reuerti, vnde venisti.* They thought no ſtate miſerable, but that which Death could not remedy. Wherefore (ſay they) a wiſe man liues but ſo long as he ſhould, not ſo long as hee can. If Death were not in our power, wee ſhould deſire it more, then now wee feare it. *Phocyon* in *Athnes* being condemned to dye, the executioner refuſed to do his office, vnleſſe hee had twelue Drachmaes paid him in hand: *Phocyon nè mora fieret morti,* borrowed it of a friend and gaue it him; *Quandoquidem Athenis inquit, nec mori quidem gratis licet, Magistra rerum ratio* taught them, that common ſafety lay in

Death, &,——

Inuitum qui seruat, idem facit occidenti.

Life was subiect to many fortunes, *sed in eo qui scit mori, nil posse fortunam.* This made them cherish these desperate conceits: *Nil referre, faciatne finem, an accipiat.* For though life be not, yet Death is at a mans command: *Mori nihil aliud est, quàm velle*; In which respect no man could complaine of life. *Quia neminem tenet.* If any man did complaine, this was their wish,

Mors vtinam pauidos vitæ subducere nollet;
Sed virtus hanc sola daret.

In scorne some said, *Ego ne expectem vel morbi crudelitatem, vel hominis, cùm possim medio exire tormento, & aduersa discutere?* But their braueſt conceit was worſt, That it was *genus mortis generosum*, for a man to be author of his own death, say they, if permitted to de-

sire

ſire death, why ill to giue it to themſelues?

—*Sed furor eſt, nè moriare, mori.*

They ſeemed thus to maintaine their aſſertion, by reaſon as well as courage. Death is naturall, therefore welcome. *Viuere noluit, qui mori non vult*, hee is ſorry that he was a man, that is not glad to dye. It is ineuitable, therefore wee muſt be reſolute, *feras non culpes, quod vitari non poteſt.* Fooles fly it, old men attend it, wiſe men wiſh it. Nay, ſome ſo prided themſelues in this way, that for Care, Feare, or Griefe, they would not dye. *Non inferam mihi manus propter dolorem*, nor yet for feare, *ſtultum eſt, timore Mortis mori.* Nor yet through threats of torments. *Sic mori, vinci eſt.*

Sed ſi cœperat ſuſpecta eſſe Fortuna, ſi multa occurrebant moleſta tranquillitatem turbantia, then it was Fortitude to diſpatch themſelues. How, or with what, it mattered not.

not. *Scalpello aperitur ad illam magnam libertatem via, & puncto securitas constat*, said *Seneca* when hee bled to death. *Cato* will die because the Commonwealth declined; *Nerua*, because the lawes were not kept; *Siluianus*, because he would not liue at the mercy of his enemy; *Lucretia*, to couer a dishonour.

But *Plato* and his *Socrates* were of another minde: Death was to be expected till Nature called for it, or Iustice tooke it. For Religions sake men may *ponere animas, suas* but not for ostentation, nor in discontent. *Iudæ facultas fuit non ponendi animam, sed pendendi.*

Bona res est mori suâ morte. Life was giuen to manage to the vtmost, and to make the best of it. Euery one was here set sentinell, not to depart the place till his Captaine calls him off.

Non est optima, quæ placet, sed quæ decet: That Death was best which was well recollected, quietly

ly suffering what it could not possibly preuent.

Fortiter ille facit, qui miser esse potest.

It is not enough to die with a Romane courage, nor that the cause of Death be iust; but it must bee also necessary, vnsought, ineuitable.

But let goe this discourse, my Contemplation lies another way.

The kinds of Death, as of life, are two: The one bodily, the other spirituall. As bodily life is the coniunction of body and soule: So bodily Death is the separation of soule and body. And as a godly man hath three degrees of life: The kindes of death.

The first in this life, when Christ liues in him; for the soule of a good mans soule is the Spirit of God within. 1

The second when his body returnes to the earth, and his soule 2

to

to God that gaue it.

3 The third at the end of the world, when body and ſoule reunited ſhal enioy heauen: So likewiſe a wicked man hath three diſtinct deaths. Dead in ſinne while hee liues, dead in ſoule when hee dies, dead in body and ſoule, when both are adiudged to eternall condemnation. *Malis ſit mors ſine morte, finis ſine fine, defectus ſine defectu. Quia mors viuit, finis ſemper incipit, & deficere defectus neſcit.* To labour not to dye, is labour in vaine, it is to deferre, not to auoid. To forget to dye and hope to liue, is dangerous ſecuritie. This let a wiſe man doe, *quod neceſſe eſt, ne timeat; quod incertum eſt, ſemper expectet.* Seeke not conſolation againſt death, but let Death bee thy conſolation; for there is no comfort againſt Death, but in Death. *Supremum nec optes, nec metuas diem. Mortem optare, malum, timere peius.*

Now to make Death eaſie: thinke

thinke of the glory that followes it. Who will not endure a few pangs for infinite pleaſures? The bitter pill promiſing health, is ſwallowed willingly. *Mors non aufert vitam, ſed in melius transfert.*

That the aſpect of Death may not trouble thee, looke not vpon Death in death, but looke beyond it. Thinke not ſo much of it as of the happineſſe that comes by it. *Erit ſomnus dilectis, initium refrigerij, ſcala montis, hæreditas ſecura, ianua vitæ, ingreſſus in tabernaculum.* Therfore ſaith *Iob*, *From ſixe troubles it deliuereth thee, & in ſeptima*, that is at point of death, *non tanget te malum.* Fit your ſelfe for it, and you will neuer feare it, doe by it as you doe in other things, when you would goe ſleepe, you put off your clothes, you draw the curtaines, and go to bed: Thus as it were acting ſleepe, before you goe to ſleepe. So addreſſe your ſelfe to death before hand. Bring your ſelfe acquainted

quainted with it, that when it comes, you may entertaine it, *non vt hostis, sed vt hospes* not as a foe, but as a friend: not as a stranger, but as a guest that you had long looked for; and bid welcome Death, more blessed then thy Birth. Thus did *Solomon* vpon his Throne commend his Coffin aboue his Birth-day. What a griefe is it to see some men build stately houses, as if they should alwayes liue, and yet they to liue as if they had but mortall soules!

It is good counsell; *Effice mortem tibi familiarem, vt possis, cùm sors tulerit, illi latus & alacriter obuiam exire.* Then will Death meete thee with kisses, in stead of Sorrrowes; yet doe not as the Duellists and Gallants of the time doe: Goe into the field to seeke death and finde honour: *vbi infelix victoria cùm victor succumbit vitio, nam aut morieris pro Homicidio, aut viuus Homicida:* nor yet as the Wittes of the time doe, who put

put a ſcorne vpon Death, and to be counted good Company, dare abuſe God, deſpite Death, and talke profanely: Profane ſpeeches, how ſharpe ſoeuer, are euer hatefull to a good eare; wherefore take no part with Witte againſt Godlineſſe; ſuch ayre poyſons goodneſſe, brings ſadneſſe at the laſt.

Thoſe Philoſophers were more mortified, who had their graues alwayes open before their gates, that going out or comming in they might alwayes thinke of Death. Good *Ioſeph* of Arimathea built his Sepulchre in the midſt of his garden. So doe thou, amid all thy pleaſures and delights thinke of death, and that wil coole and temper all thy vaine deſires. *Temperanda felicitas mundi, meditatione mortis, vt vinum aqua dilutum.* It will ſo qualifie thee to the world, and the world to thee, as thou wilt not much care for it.

In

In this world wee are all *Benonies*, the ſonnes of Sorrow. The way to Heauen is by weeping croſſe.

Hi motus animorum atque hæc certamina tanta,
Pulueris exigui iactu compreſſa quieſcunt.

It is obſerued, that moſt of other creatures liue long, but dying, periſh all to nothing. Man that is ſhort liu'd, hee dying, liues eternally. Thinke but of this, and you will thinke, as S. *Bernard* did, that life was little better then hell, were it not for the hope of Heauen.

Surely Chriſt would not haue dyed, but that wee might die with ſafety. Hee by death in death, did deliuer vs from death. And did Chriſt dye for mee, that I might liue with him? I will not therfore deſire to liue long from him. It is a token of little loue to God, to be loth to goe to God. All men goe willingly to ſee him whom they

they loue. *Our brother* Ioſeph *liueth*, therefore though with *Iacob* I cannot ſay, *I will goe ſee him before I dye*: Yet Lord let me dye, that I may ſee *him whom my ſoule loueth*. Liuing I cannot, but dying I ſhall.

Let no difficulties hinder, for ſince *Adams* fall none paſſeth vnto Paradiſe, but by burning Seraphims. The way to Canaan is cumberſome, but knowing that our iourney leades to the land of promiſe, wee paſſe it pleaſantly: Yet before we come at Hieruſalem, we take in our way the valley of teares. The ſwift Riuer of Iordan muſt be croſſed, before wee come to the ſweet Waters of Siloam.

Let no delights tempt you; proſperous fortunes may hinder a cheerefull dying: Euery ſence about vs vpon the leaſt temptation is a traitor to the Soule: Set not to high a price vpon your body, for that may make a cheape Soule.

Honeſtum

Honeſtum ei vile eſt, cui corpus nimis harum, looke not vpon your own fortunes nor other mens faſhions, But as a countrey man that comes to Court, heeſoone ſhakes off his clowniſh trickes and gets a Court behauiour; ſo faſhion you your ſelf for the Court of Heauen. If pleaſures of life allure not, feares of death will neuer trouble. *Neminem aduerſa comminuunt, niſi quem ſecunda decipiunt.* *Adam* was ſet vpon in Paradiſe, *Iob* on the dunghill: yet Iob *fortior in ſtercore, quam* Adam *in Paradiſo.* The very place of pleaſure is dangerous. In Paradiſe *Adam* could not be innocent, but out of Paradiſe hee was a good man. For any thing in life, loſe not the cauſe of life, nor iudge not of things by the face of things. For life and death haue deceiueable vizards: vnder the faire face of life lurkes griefe: vnder the foule feature of death (which is but fancy) lies felicity. Take off the maske and you ſhall change your

your minde; loath that you loued, and loue that you loathed.

Vita habitu casto, cùm non sit casta, videtur,
Mors, præter cultum, nil meretricis habet.

Now for the freedomes that come by Death. Freedomes by death,

Firſt it frees from all worldly iniuries: *Mors multorum malorum finis, nullius boni.* Heere good men doe but liue, and ſuffer, *benè agere, & malè pati.* It is their portion, and *it is good for me* (ſaith *Dauid*) *that I haue beene afflicted. Non ſentire mala, non eſt hominis; ſed non ferre, non eſſet viri.* Sufferings are greater trials then actions. 1

Secondly, it ends all miſeries. *Man in miſery* (ſaith *Iob*) *longs for death, and digs for it more then treaſure. Mors finis eſt, non pœna.* 2

Nay ſaith one, *Nec finis nec pœna bonis lex eſt, non pœna perire.* Death ends ſinnes, not life: it reformes, but

but doth not destroy Nature. *Vitiorum est Sepultura, virtutum Resurrectio.*

3 Thirdly, it frees vs from all corporall infirmities. *Mors omnium dolorum solutio.* Life it selfe is a disease, and wee die by corruption of humours, whether they bee of body or manners: who thinke to heale all infirmities with an easier plaister then Death, *Delineamenta potiùs quàm remedia podagræ suæ ponunt.*

4 Fourthly, it frees vs from all bodily labours. So saith the Spirit. *Blessed are they that die in the Lord, they rest from their labours. Adeo iuuat occupatum mori.*

5 Fiftly, it eases vs of all troubles. *Refrigerium est animæ:* Refection to the Soule. Were wee but in a throng, we would thinke that man at ease, who gets out first. *Noah*, when hee had beene tossed but a yeere vpon the waters, Mount Ararat was to him a gladsome place; for there the Arke rested.

So

So likewiſe miſerable man after many wearisome yeares, toſſed vp and downe the world as in a troubled ſea, will bee glad of Death as of Mount Ararat, a reſting place for his tyred Soule. Old *Chaucers* Epitaph is a good one: *Mors a-rumnarum requies.* As an Apprentiſe patiently vndergoeth ſeuen yeeres labour to bee made a Freeman, or as a bondman waites for the yeere of Iubile: So doth the Soule for her diliuerance.

Laſtly, Death doth vs not the leaſt pleaſure, in freeing vs from phantaſmes and vaine pleaſures. Pleaſure may ſtand with innocencie, for God loues to ſee his creatures happy: But commonly the pleaſure of the body, is the poyſon of the ſoule. A man ſmothered in Roſes meets with death, though in ſweetneſſe. *Delicatas enim mentes eneruat felicitas.* In vaine mirth there is no true ioy, nor gladneſſe in laughter. *Nam res eſt ſeuera verum gaudium.* Delight 6

light in pleasures, and you shall find your greatest pleasures become your bitterest paines at the last. A man whose soule is conuersant with God, finds more pleasure in the desart, and in Death, then in the Palace of a Prince.

The benefits that come by Death.

The benefits by death.

FVlnesse of grace, which here we haue but in part. *Viuere volunt homines, vt perfecti sint: Mori volunt, & perfecti sunt.* Here wee haue but *arrham Spiritus* there we shal haue *pretium, sedete à dexteris,* will be our welcome.

2 Secondly, perfection of glory; new heauens, new earth. The world shall bee made better, not nothing. *Suscipit enim melioration-em, non interitum*, The heauens you behold shall bee superinuested with new endowments, made euerlasting habitations for the Saints departed. *Erimus participes, non spectatores gloriæ.* Enioy with these

theſe eyes, *viſionem illam beatificam*, ioy vnſpeakeable. *And* (ſaith S. *Iohn*) *your ioy ſhall no man take from you.*

Thirdly, inſeparable fellowſhip with Chriſt. *They follow the Lambe whitherſoeuer he goeth.* There wee ſhall be married to him, here wee are but contracted. *Deſponſabo te mihi*, ſaith the Prophet. Thoſe fauours and loue-tokens I haue here receiued, doe but inflame, not ſatisfie deſires, and I am willing to part with them, leſt they ſhould make mee loth to depart to him that gaue them: *Meretricius eſt amor plus annulum, quàm ſponſum diligere.* 3

Laſtly, it brings mee where I would be, into mine owne countrey, into Paradiſe, where I ſhall meet, not as in the *Elyſium* of the Poets, *Catones*, *Scipiones*, & *Scæuolas*, but *Abraham*, *Iſaac*, and *Iacob*: The Patriarks my Fathers, the Saints my Brothers, the Angels my Friends, my wife, chil-

dren, kindred and ſeruants that are gone before me, and doe there attend mee, looking and longing for my arriuing there. Therefore with *Dauid* I will ſay, *Lord, when ſhall I come and appeare before thee? Like as the Hart panteth for the water brookes, ſo panteth my ſoule for thee, O God. I had rather be a doore-keeper in thy houſe, then dwell here though in chambers of pleaſure.*

Touching the ſecond generall Diuiſion.

II.

The Feares or Ioyes that Death brings.

The feares of Death.

THe King of feares is Death; for nothing is abſolutely fearefull but what tends to Death. *The liuing dogge*, ſaith *Solomon*, *is better then a dead lyon.* The baſeſt life excells the beſt bare being.

Naturally men feare Death, becauſe

cauſe it ends being, which Nature would preſerue : *Rachel mourned for her children, and would not bee comforted, becauſe they were not.* When *Moſes* Rod was turned into a Serpent, it was fearefull. But when God bids, Feare not to take it vp, it may well be handled. *Timeat mortem qui Deum non timet, ſed ſi ſperare deſideras, deſine timere.* For why ſhould a man feare Death, that doth but reſtore him to him that made him. Surely Death, thy name is onely fearefull; thou art helpefull. A ſword thou art, but rebated, though thou draweſt blood, yet that is to purge, not to kill.

It is well ſaid, *Pompa Mortis magis terret quàm mors ipſa.* Grones, convulſions, and a diſcoloured face ſhew Death terrible. But that Philoſopher is not to bee followed, who to prepare himſelfe the better for death, ſet foorth Death moſt fearefully: nor yet that Emperour to bee praiſed,

who ſo little eſteemed of Death, that he dyed in a complement.

The feare of Death is worſe then the paines of Death. *Timor mortis ipſâ morte peior*: Feare of Death kills vs often, where Death it ſelfe can doe it but once. The Philoſophers thought, that if Death (as bad as men count it) were not mingled with bitternes, men would runne to it with deſire and indiſcretion. *Ergo mortem concupiſcentes, & timentes, æquè obiurgat Epicurus.* It is true, life would not willingly bee troubled with too much care, nor Death with too much feare. Feares betray, cares trouble thoſe ſuccours that reaſon would yeeld to both. *Multi ad fatum venêre ſuum, dùm fata timent.*

Feares multiply euils, Faith diminiſhes them: yet moſt men wiſh, *vt mors potiùs ſemel incidat, quàm ſemper impendeat*, becauſe nothing is ſo painefull as to dwell long vnder the expectation of ſome

ſome great euill. Whereas indeed Paines of death are onely throwes of trauaile that bring forth ioy in ſuffering paines.

Conſcience of dying, giues the right ſence of Death, and the true ſcience of liuing. For by Death *abſoluitur anima, reſoluitur corpus, gaudet quòd abſoluitur, quòd reſoluitur, non ſentit.* Therfore ſaid the Heathen man, *Non nego pœnas eſſe quibuſdam poſt mortem, ſed quid ad mortem, quod poſt mortem eſt?* If there be any feares in death, ſaith a wiſe man; *Quare iuuenes non timent fieri ſenes?* But it is the nature of feare to make dangers greater, helpes, leſſe then they are.

When *Anaxagoras* had word brought him that his deare and onely ſonne was dead: *Scio,* ſaid he, *me genuiſſe mortalem.* The ſonnes condition ſatisfied the fathers paſſion without more words. Hee can neuer be at eaſe, nor liue contentedly, that liues

continually in feare of Death. *Nil in morte metuamus, si nihil timendum vita noſtra commiſit.* There is no ſuch gentle remoouall of all life's diſcontents, as a quiet Death.

Hee that knowes not how to end his time, hath loſt all his time. *Neſcire mori, miſerrimum.* Socrates *de morte diſputabat vſque ad ipſam.* When *Otho* and *Cato* had prepared all things for their death, they ſetled themſelues to ſleepe: when they awaked, and found themſelues vpon the ſtroke of execution, all they ſaid, was, *Vita ſupplicio data eſt, mors remedio.* Cruell tyrants haue beene told to their faces, that their threats of Death were promiſes of life. Their ſwords were fauours to the ſufferer. Mortall wounds made them immortall. *Viuere non poteſt, qui mori non audet.* Though it be true, that it is in vaine to feare what wee cannot ſhunne, and feare of Death as a tribute due to Nature,

Nature, is a weakeneſſe: yet feares bee not alwaies ill ſymptomes before Death, nor in Death: at that inſtant nature will reluct for loue ſake to keepe ſtill her being. But grace thus diſtinguiſhes of being. To the wicked the beſt thing of all were not to haue beene: *Non naſci optimum.* His next beſt were to liue long. It was ill with him that hee was borne, worſe, that hee muſt die: for hee not being ſure of a better, would faine bee ſure of this. Conſcious to himſelfe, that this dying life, will bring him to liuing Death. His hope is no longer then his breath. His word is *Dum ſpiro, ſpero*; he flutters *inter mortis metum, & vitæ tormentum: viuere nolit, & mori neſcit.* With good men it is otherwiſe; to them the beſt thing of this life is to haue beene, for this leades the way *ad beatitudinem patriæ*, to the fruition of their faith. *Quid huius viuere eſt*, ſaith hee, *ſed dijs mori?*

His word is *Cùm expiro, ſpero:* his hopes faint not, when his breath failes him. *Patienter viuit & delectabiliter moritur.* To this man, *mori quam primùm* is his rather: for that ends misery, and begins felicity. There is no man ſo valiant as the beleeuer. Therefore he ſaith vnto his ſoule, *Why art thou caſt downe, O my ſoule? Why art thou ſo diſquieted within me? Wait on God.*

The difference of ſoules as well in dying as liuing.

Soule and Soule are differenced in dying, as well as liuing. The Atheiſt dares not die for feare of *non eſſe.* The ill liuer dares not die, for feare of *malè eſſe.* The doubtfull conſcience dares not die, *neſciendo*; whether hee ſhall be, not be, or be damned.

Onely the good man dares and deſires to die, hee is aſſured of his hope, his hope is full of immortality; What can I feare when I know in whom I beleeue, ſaid the holy Martyr. *I am thy ſaluation,* ſaith my Sauiour: to the other

the

the end of these present miserable miseries, is the beginning of worse, and such as death it selfe cannot terminate: for that would be happinesse enough, if they had but hope, there would bee an end at last: the greatest pleasure they would desire, is, the act of death, so that might end their sorrowes: but their conscience will not let them lye, or flatteringly perswade them: *Aduenict tandem quæ non sperabitur hora.*

This they know, and grieue to thinke, that Tophet is prepared for the bad, and Paradise for the good. As the tree falleth, so it lyeth: and as death leaueth thee, so iudgement shall finde thee: hee that liues ill, seldome dyes well. Liue well, and you cannot but die well: practise well doing, and you shall haue the comfort of well dying.

Sed quàm amarum erit hoc tempore corporis & animæ separatio? We see old acquaintance cannot part

Body and soule parting.

with our teares. *Quid facient intimè familiares, quales sunt corpus & anima, quæ ab ipso vtero ita iucundissimè vixerint?* If the Oxe loweth when his fellow is taken from him that drew the plow with him, *qualem mugitum* shall wee giue when soule and body part? *Siccinè separas amara Mors: Siccinè separas*, saith the Booke of Kings? The Spirit at this time may be willing, but the flesh will be loth. *Ægrè amittitur, quod valdè amatur.* Faith will assure, God is thy father; but nature will tell thee, She is thy mother, and thou mayest not yet leaue her. In this conflict take heede the mothers side preuaile not. Shee will play *Naomi's* part, perswade thee earnestly to stay and enioy the delights of Moab yet a while longer. But resolue thou with *Ruth*, to see what entertainement is for thee in Bethleem, for there thou shalt finde a *Beaz*.

In ista hora, euery man will make

make *Balaams* ſuite, (for no man would be miſerable, if it were enough to deſire to be happy) but ſuch a wiſh onely will not ſerue; Death will not bee ſerued with wiſhes, nor with words. He muſt *piè viuere*, that will *ſecurè mori*. Wee all deſire to ſhut vp our laſt Scene of life, with *In manus tuas, Domine, commendo ſpiritum meum*. But it is not the laſt words a man vtters that doe qualifie his ſoule. Remember how in thy life thou haſt entertained Gods Spirit: for as wee vſed his in this life, ſo hee will vſe ours after death. *Qualem quiſq; ſe fecerit in hac vitâ, talem ſe inueniet exiens ab hac vitâ.*

At this houre what would a man giue for the redemption of his ſoule? but poore indigent man, neuer was any ſo rich that could pay the ranſome of his own ſoule. A diſpleaſed mercy askes greater ſatisfaction then thou canſt giue. *Læſa patientia fit furor.* Now thou goeſt to giue account of

of thy Stewardſhip: that is, *temporis amiſſi, mali commiſſi, boni omiſſi.* And thy Soule already knowes, *in conſcientiâ tuâ*, whither it goes, *quandò egreditur è corpore tuo.* And although thou canſt carry nothing elſe with thee, yet this thou canſt not leaue behinde thee; Which is *liber conſcientiæ tuæ*, that will tell thee whether thou goeſt, and what thou ſhalt looke for. *Tunc quaſi loquentia tua opera dicent; Tu nos egiſti: Tua opera ſumus, non te deſeramus: ſed tecum ſemper erimus, tecum pergemus ad iudicium.* Man is a great flatterer of himſelfe, but conſcience is alwaies iuſt, and will neuer chide thee wrongfully. It alwaies takes part with God, againſt a mans ſelfe. It is *Magiſtratus domeſticus*, that will tell what you doe at home, and, ſaith the Booke of Wiſedome, *wickednesse, condemned of her owne witnesse, is euer timerous, and being presſed with conſcience forecasteth grieuous things.*

Nemo

Nemo ſeueriorem ſeipſo habet iudicem: Iudicium non timere is a deſperate thing, and yet *Regnum dei poſtulare* ſhewes a Chriſtian corage; But a man had need haue a good cauſe that wiſhes the comming of his Iudge.

If a man will take his ayme by the beſt men that euer dyed. That of *Dauid*, *Ezechias*, yea and of Chriſt himſelfe (as a man) is able to amuſe any man. When as our Sauiour Chriſt at the point of death, ſaid, *Father if it bee thy will, let this Cup paſſe from me.* When *Dauid* ſaid, *Saue Lord, for thy mercy ſake; for in death there is no remembrance of thee.* And *Ezechias* wept ſore when hee was bid, *Put thy houſe in order, for thou muſt die. Si Propheta, ſi Apoſtoli, ſi Martyres, ſi Chriſtus ipſe,* was thus troubled at the houre of death: wretched man that I am, what ſhall I doe? Euen as Chriſt bids me. *Be of good cheere for I haue ouercome death. Mors morte redempta eſt.* Now there

there is aduantage in death: that death which was the wages of ſin is made the reward of righteouſneſſe: and in theſe forenamed perſons it was not death, but the curſe of the Law that went with death, which Chriſt in our perſons, and theſe other perſons in themſelues, feared.

When Chriſt was to leaue the world, and his Diſciples to the world, he left them this Word for their learning and their comfort: *If you loued mee, you would reioyce, becauſe I ſaid, I goe to the Father. In my Fathers houſe are many dwellings. I goe to prepare a place for you, that where I am, you may bee alſo.* If heauen bee prepared for mee, ſaith a good man, I will prepare my ſelfe for heauen.

Now that Death hath ouercome Death, and Faith hath ſecured feare: *nec me tædeat viuere, nec timeo mori.* What can hee feare in Death, whoſe Death is his hope? *Timor timore pellitur, vt clauis clauo truditur,*

traditur, Right precious in the sight of God, is the death of his Saints. Petronilla the daughter of S. *Peter, Febre moritur, Rogatus Petrus, cur non illi sicut alijs succurreret. Hoc illi præstare respondit.* That was better for her.

See then what makes men willing, or loth to die.

Obsecro te Lucili, said *Seneca cur timeat laborem vir, mortem homo?* It is the present condition of men in this world that makes them willing, or loth to die. Nor life, nor death, are alike to all men: some can as willingly leaue the world, nay dye, as others can forbeare the Court. And as men differ in their condition, so doe they in their acceptation of Death: Some say vnto themselues, since the Fathers fell asleepe, all things continue as they were: Some pleasant their liues, as if the world should alwayes laugh vpon them, *Et post mortem, nulla voluptas.* These would doe any thing rather then

then die. Others liue as if they came into the world but to act a ſad mans part, and die, theſe wiſh a change, hoping it will be a benefit. Therefore well ſaid the ſonne of *Syrach*, *O death, how acceptable is thy remembrance vnto him whoſe ſtrength faileth, that is now in his laſt age, and vexed with all things: and to him that deſpaireth and hath loſt patience*! But contrariwiſe, *O death, how bitter is the remembrance of thee to a man that lieth at reſt in his poſſeſſions! vnto the man that hath nothing to vexe him, and that proſpereth in all things: yea, to him that is yet able to receiue meate*! Certainely to this man that thus liues at eaſe in delicacie with affluence of all things; (for euen to vſe happineſſe is as difficult as to forbeare it) to him it is a ſad and bitter meditation, to thinke that death muſt take him from all theſe ioyes, wherein his heart tooke pleaſure.

O quàm amara mors mundum amantibus!

mantibus! Euery poore contentment glues his affections to that he likes. When as the beſt of this worlds contentments are but vain pleaſures, falſe honours, vnſatiſfying wealth, ſtormie contentments; all contemptible. If thy heart be ſet on Heauen, thy ſoule will haue no pleaſure in theſe low things, looke vpward. *Os homini ſublime dedit, cælumq; tueri.* The minde contemplating Heauen, walkes beyond eye-ſight, and at ſo farre a diſtance diſcernes God, as if hee were at hand, there is his true ſolace, to conuerſe with God. *Moſes* conuerſed but a while with God, and came downe gliſtering, his face ſhining with heauenly glory: *Faciamus hic tria Tabernacula*, ſaid Saint *Peter*, when hee, with *Iohn*, and *Iames* were taken vp to the Mount. Who euer they bee that dwell in Contemplation of heauenly things, goe off rich in thoughts, ſee heauenly viſions.

For

For an antidote againſt Death, hate ſinne, and the pleaſures thereof, then will death bee delightfull, nor life dolefull: nay, death it ſelfe looking thee in the face, knowing thy heart, will change countenance, looke vpon thee, *facie non horrendâ, ſed blandâ, non terribili, ſed amabili.* This very day of death, *Dies iſte, quem tanquam extremum aliqui reformidant, tibi æterni natalis erit.*

The good mans hope is euen in death: the world-louer ends both hope and happineſſe when he dies. As *Ahab* ſaid to *Elias*, ſo ſayes he to death: Haſt thou found me, O mine enemie? whereas the other ſaith, as *Dauid* ſayd to *Ahimaaz*, Let him come and welcome, for he is a good man, and commeth with good tidings.

Plato diſcourſing vnto one, *de contemptu mortis*, and ſpeaking ſtrangely vpon it, was anſwered, *Fortiùs loqueris, quàm viuis. At ille dicebat non quemadmodum viueret, ſed*

ſed quemadmodum viuendum eſſet.

How euer the Contemplation of death pleaſes, yet the ſufferance of death pinches. A man ſatisfied that death is nothing but a bridge to paſſe him ouer to an other ſhore where life ſtands, and lookes for his landing: yet while hee is vpon the Bridge, (which is but a ſhort ſtep betwixt two liues) his vertiginous braine will grow giddie, and he will be ſore troubled in the paſſage.

Did not the word *Ibis ad patres*, ſweeten the contemplation, as did that wood caſt by *Moſes* into the waters of Marah, turning bitternesſe into ſweetneſſe: the thought of Death (though it bee but a gathering to our Fathers) would be an vnpleaſing contemplation.

But feares being paſt, which are but ſhadowes, ſet off ioyes the better. Therefore now to ſee

What

3

The ioyes brought by death.

What ioyes Death brings.

OVt of the bitter came ſweete, ſaid *Sampſon.* When wee thinke vpon the ſeparation of bodie and ſoule, then it is a ſweet contemplation, to conſider the coniunction of our bodies and ſoules with Chriſt: which being once made by the bond of the Spirit in this life, ſhall neuer afterwards be cancelled. For let death, wild beaſts, or birds, deuoure and teare the body from the ſoule, yet neither body nor ſoule are thereby ſeuered from Chriſt. *Non curo* (ſaith *Ignatius*) *ſi ferarum dentes me moluerint modò pura fiam farina Chriſto.* And yet the body thus conſumed, liues not in the graue or belly of the beaſt, nor yet receiues life or ſenſe from the ſoule while it is in this ſeate, vntill the great Aſſizes, that generall *Venite* comes. But then, looke what the condition of Chriſt was in his Death, the like ſhall bee of his members

members. The body and ſoule of Chriſt were ſeuered, as farre as Heauen and the Graue were diſtant: and yet neither of them were ſeuered from the Godhead, but both exiſted in his perſon: ſo likewiſe our bodies and ſoules, though rent and pulled in ſunder millions of miles diſtant, yet neither of them is ſeuered or diſioyned from Chriſt our head. *Qui prædixit, reuixit*, this ſerues to worke it.

Humane wiſedome cannot comprehend this. Weake faith lookes for meanes, and is put to ſhifts when ſhee ſees meanes faile. But omnipotency workes by improbabilities and tels vs, There is no faith, where there is either meanes or hopes. Difficulties and improbabilities are the obiects of Faith. *Through the Spirit* (ſaith S. *Paul*) *wee wait for the hope of righteouſneſſe in faith.*

Yet in nature wee ſee that in winter ſeaſon, trees which ſeeme

as

as dead, reuiue againe in the Spring, becaule the body, graines and armes of the trees are ioyned to the roote, where the ſap lies all the Winter, and by meanes of coniunction, it conueyes vegetation to all parts of the tree; euen ſo mens bodies haue their winter, when they are turned into duſt. *Homo arbor inuerſa, cuius radix in cælis rami in terrâ.* Their life is hid in Chriſt with God. Yet in the day of reſurrection, by reaſon of this myſticall coniunction, diuine and quickening vertue ſhall ſtreame from Chriſt to his Elect, and cauſe them to reſurge from the graue to life eternall. For the head will not be without the members: where he is, there they ſhall be alſo.

It is noted how in that tranſfiguration, the body of *Moſes* which was hid in the valley of Moab, appeared in the hil of Tabor, which aſſures that this body of ours, lodge it where you will

will, is not loſt, but layed vp to bee raiſed in glory, as it was laid downe in corruption. The incineration and diſſipation of this duſt, ſhall haue a recollection in that day of reſurrection.

In the valley of dead bones did not the Spirit ſay to *Ezekiel*, Propheſie vpon theſe bones, and ſay, *O ye dry bones, I wil cauſe breath to enter into you; I will lay ſinewes vpon you, and will bring vp fleſh, and you ſhall liue?* Our bodies are not caſt off by death, but put to new making.

The difference betwixt the reſurrection of the vngodly and the iuſt.

If any thinke this *Reſurge* againe, which is ſo wonderfull, is not peculiar but common vnto all, both good and bad, (as good men loue not to be happy alone) its truth, yet, it is not by the ſame cauſe, nor to the ſame end. For the wicked riſe by the power of Chriſt, to be iudged and condemned. But the godly riſe by the vertue of Chriſts reſurrection, to receiue eternall life. *Vita mortem aſſumpſit,*

assumpsit, vt mors vitam assumeret.

Therefore they collect truely, who say, that the rotting of our bones is no death, but a being asleepe; and that sleepe must needs be sweet, which hath peace with rest, and rests in safety.

Awake then thou that sleepest, arise, come and liue: hee whom thou loues't, sleepeth, but thou wilt come to awake him: till when his couch of ease, is his coffin, the graue his bed, wherein he lies neuer troubled with dreames or fancies, what shall become of his body, till it rise againe.

I am the resurrection and the life; (saith Christ) *Hee that beleeueth, though hee were dead, yet shall hee liue*: the arrest of Death shall not alwayes keepe him. Well said S. *Austine*, The bodies of Saints shall bee raised, *tantâ facilitate, quantâ felicitate*, with as much ease as happinesse. *Nam mors tantùm intermittit vitam, non eripit*; Death doth not disanull, but discontinue life.

life. By our rising wee are remitted to out better right, a life which neuer dyes, a morning which hath no Eue nor ending. Me thinkes I heare Death say of life, as *Iohn* the *Baptist* said of Christ: *He that commeth after me, is before mee*, Which is life.

O sweet word, Life. The best Monosyllable in the world. Gods owne Attribute, *Deus viuit*. And *my soule* (saith *Iob*) *shall liue, for my Redeemer liueth*. And is this life but the child of this word Death? then blessed also bee the word Death, the mother of life. I will no more call thee *Marah*, but *Naomi*; for thou art not bitter, but sweet; more pleasant, though swifter in thy gate, then the Row or Hinde. The Stoike could say, *Mors est quæ efficit, vt nasci non sit supplicium*. But what saith S. *Iohn*? *I heard a voyce from heauen, saying, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, whose workes follow them, they dye no more, death hath*

no more power ouer them, all teares are wiped from their eyes.

Compare together the benefits of life and death, and you shall clearely see, how that death which seemes to dispossesse vs of all, puts vs in possession of more then that all.

Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum
Tendimus in Latium, sedes vbi fata quietas Ostendunt.——

It is but being which wee haue by Nature, or by Birth; our better being is by Grace; but our best being is in glory: there wee cannot bee, till death haue conueyed vs thither. *Esse, natura est, bene esse, gratiæ, optimum esse, gloriæ:* Eternity is our very being. Being is Gods proper name; Go tell Pharaoh that *hee whose name is, I am, sent thee*: But being is our Christian name. Better therefore is our last being by death, then was our first being by birth. *Dicig, beatus*

beatus ante obitum nemo. Though we cannot brag of our parentage, becauſe our father was an Amorite, and our mother a Hittite, yet it was happineſſe to me, that God wrapt me vp in his Couenant, and deriued me of religious parents; yet this birth brought me into a world of miſery, allowing no vacation to ſorrowes, *ne Natalem quidem excepit.* For crying was the the firſt note of my being. *Calamitatis futuræ Propheta.* Death caries me from a world of miſeries, to a world of felicities. *Dies mortalis eſt fatalis Natiuitas.* Here I dwell in a houſe of clay, whoſe foundation is duſt: Death brings to an habitation made without hands, euerlaſting in the heauens. *Ad excelſa ſublatus, inter felices curſit animus, excipitq; illum cœtus ſacer*; where for Loue, I ſhall bee a Sonne; for Birthright, an Heire; for Dignitie, a King. Birth brought me to conuerſe, and haue commerce with men, death

brings mee to haue communion with Saints, and fellowſhip with Angels; yea, to enioy *viſionem illam beatificam*, the immediate fruition of God and Chriſt.

Old father *Iacob*, when hee was told of his ſonne *Ioſephs* power in Egypt, was not ſatisfied to heare of his honours, but enquires of his life: intimating, that life to come is better then all the honours that are in Egypt, or fortunes that are on earth: nor yet did Ioſephs life content him without being preſent with him, and therefore ſaid, *I will goe downe and ſee him:* counting it better to behold with the eye (and yet moſt ſinnes begin and creepe in at the eyes) then to walke in deſires. Implying, that the beſt things that are, pleaſure vs not in their being, but in our enioying them.

The ioy of ſoule & body at their meeting.

What then ſhall bee the ioy, when ſoule and body ſeparated for a ſeaſon, ſhall meete againe in ioy, and mutually enioy one the other?

The

The ſenſe of this delight and contentment did well appeare in that meeting betwixt *Iacob* and *Ioſeph*, whom mutuall loſſe and ſeparation for a while, did more endeare each to other.

Intermiſſion of comfort hath this aduantage, that it ſweetens our delight more in the returne, then was abated in the forbearance.

And was *Iacob* glad to leaue his countrey, the land of Promiſe, to ſee his yonger ſonne *Ioſeph*, though in Egypt. What then ſhall bee the ſoules ioy to end a pilgrimage in a ſtrange land, and goe to ſee his elder brother Chriſt in heauen, an inheritance more pleaſant then that land of Goſhen, freed from all the encumbrances of this Egypt? Therefore ſaid Saint *Paul*, *I deſire to bee diſſolued, that I may bee with Chriſt.* For this tedious mortality, pleaſant it how man can, will be intolerable, if Death doe not disburden

den it; becauſe long liuing ſo lodes vs with ſinne, as the burthen thereof tires euery man at laſt It is ſuch an inmate, as will rooſt in vs as long as life affoords it houſe-roome: nor will it lodge alone, but ſtill one ſinne will call in another: but through death, the very body of death and burthen of ſinne are both caſt out together.

Sith then the life I now enioy, is beſet with Death, tends to death, and ends in Death, I will no longer miſtake tearmes calling that Death, which is life; and that life which is Death. *Hanc eſſe mortem, quam nos vitam putamus: Illam vitam, quam nos pro morte timemus*, ſaid *Lactantius*.

More diuinely ſaid S. *Auſtine*, *Per vitam ad mortem tranſitus eſt per mortem ad vitam reditus eſt*. Therefore the Pagans did not ill to celebrate the day of their death with mirth; and the day of their birth

birth with mourning. For although the ſoule be then infuſed, when man is made; yet it is new borne, when man dyes. His bodie being the wombe, and death the midwife, which deliuers that to ſorrow, this to glory.

Death the regeneration of the ſoule.

The Prophet *Ieremie* ſo little ioyed in his birth, that he ſaid, *Let not the day wherein my mother bare me, be bleſſed.*

Quis pauet? quis flet? quis eget? quis errat? Solus (heu ſortes!) homo ſperat, optat, alget, voluit, explorat, quæritur. Malorum omnia plena, ſaid a diuine Poet.

But to aſſure there are ioyes in death. What ſaith the Scripture vnto well dying men? *Reioyce, and lift vp your heads, for now your Redemptiõ draweth neere:* the body laid downe in duſt ſhall riſe a glorious body, be a Spirituall body, not in Subſtance but in quality, like that body of the Sonne of God.

The third generall diuiſion.

III.

When Death is to be prepared for: and how.

The time when.

IT was the ſaying of the Diuine Philoſopher *Plato*: There is *nulla ſalutaris Philoſophia*, but *perpetua mortis meditatio*: and *ſine iſtâ meditatione tranquillo eſſe animo nemo poteſt*. *Scipio* was wont to ſay, *Mortis meditatio is vita ſapientis*: and that it was the moſt honourable Philoſophy to ſtudy a mans mortality. Politiques ſay, *Totâ vitâ diſcendum eſt viuere*. But ſaith *Seneca*, That Oracle of Morall men, *Hoc magis mireberis, Totâ vitâ diſcendum eſt mori*. Fooles would faine doe in the end, that which wiſe men doe in the

the beginning, Prepare for their end: but careleſſe men thinke that the ſigniorie and gouernement of times is at their commands, to doe what they liſt, when they liſt. We haue little power ouer the preſent, much leſſe ouer the future. Therefore King *Dauid* cryed betimes; *Lord, let me know mine end, and the meaſure of my dayes, what it is, and how long I haue to liue. All the dayes of mine appointed time*, ſaith *Iob, I will watch till my changing ſhal come.* Time it ſelfe hath now had all his changes, Natures time is paſt; the Law that ſucceeded is aboliſhed; now is the Goſpels time, after which there ſhall bee no more changes.

Change, the great Maſter of the world, that hath Time for his Agent, abuſes many men with the hope of Time. It is true, Time is a ſeruant equall to all men: it holds pace, and flies as faſt in idleneſſe, as in buſines; ſo as time well ſpent diminiſhes our time: yet when it

is imployed in timely preparation, it layes vp time as treasure for a future time, and so is rather a husbanding, then consuming of time.

He liues in safety that watches his time. *Diem perdidimus*, said *Vespasian*. But in reckoning of time, most men miscast-time, counting that first which is last, and that last which is first; beginning our accompt from the day of our Birth, whereas our deaths day is our first day. For in the accompt of life, our last day of life, is the first day to life. Wee then ceasing to die, when we leaue to liue.

Solebat dicere Fabianus; In tria tempora vita diuiditur, quod est, quod fuit, quod futurum est, ex his, quod agimus, breue est, quod acturi sumus, dubium, quod egimus, certum. Reckon first with time past, and you may make time to come certaine: make your saluation certaine, saith Saint *Paul*.

The Scepticks put a *fortasse* vp-

on

on all things in the world. But ſaid S. *Auſtine*, there is no one thing in the world to be named, where this word *fortaſſe* had not place except you ſpeake of death. *Hic ſolùm fortaſſe locum habere non poteſt.* Death, as it is ſaid of the kingdom of heauen, comes not by obſeruation. He liues not, that knowes where, when, or how hee ſhall dye: yet none liues but knowes hee muſt dye. *Mors omnibus finis, multis remedium, quibuſdam votum, de nullis melius merita, quàm quibus accidit antequam vocaretur.* Therefore ſaid one, *dementiæ eſt*, it is more then folly not to be prepared for death. *Sed ſi mors veniens præmeditatur, tunc ſuperatur.* The preparation for death, is the fruition of life. *Nemo propter Canos & Rugas diu vixit*: yet neuer man preſerued himſelfe from dying, by forgetting death. The very Heathens by natures inſtinct, prouided themſelues for death by ſacrifices to their gods.

Frange

Frange toros, pete vina, rosas cape, tingere nardo;
Ipse iubet mortis te meminisse Deus.

A faire way of dying well.

Solomon saying, *the day of death was better then the day of birth*, inferred, that there was a faire way of dying well: whereunto two things were most requisite.

1

First, a timely preparation before death. *Nam facilè sustinet, qui expectat mortem.* *Seneca* said, *Sæpe debemus mori, nec volumus; morimur, nec volumus.* Wee ought often to prepare for death, and wee will not: at last we die indeed, and we would not. *In hoc errore omnes versamur, quòd non putamus nisi senes ad mortem vergere, citamur nec censu, nec ætate. Mors quo facilius obrepat sub ipso vitæ nomine latet.*

If you intend preparation for death, you must auoid all procrastination; *Nescis enim quid serus vesper vehat.* This *vox Cornina*, that alwayes cryes, *Cras, cras*, couzens many a man, making him *perdere hodier-*

hodiernum, trusting vpon to morrow, saith *Tibullus*. *Iam mala finissem letho, sed credula vitam spes alit, & meliùs cras fore, semper ait*, but trust not to that: *Ille sapit, quisquis, Posthume, vixit Heri. Solomon* saith, *Ne glorieris in crastinum, nescis enim quid superuentura pariet dies.*

By deferring, we presume vpon that we haue not, and neglect that we haue. *Quod in manu fortunæ positum est, disponimus; quod in tua est, dimittis.* Which made the Heathen Poet, *diuino furore instinctus*, vtter *hoc salutare carmen, Optima quæque dies miseris mortalibus æui, prima fugit.*

Therefore, *noli tardare*, delay not thy prepare for death, till thou feelest the approches of Death. *Recordare nouissimum, & non peribis in æternum.* Doe the worke of the day *in die suo.* No man can promise himselfe a morrow.

Fleres, si scires vnum tua tempora mensem:
Rides, cùm non sit forsitã, vna dies.

Euery

Euery man hath his day. *Est & dies hominis, & dies Domini.* When mans day is past, then Gods day comes. A man, saith *Luther*, liues fourty yeeres before he knowes himselfe to be a foole; and by that time he sees his folly, his life is finished. So men die before they begin to liue.

The case therfore of those men is most vnhappy, who after fourty or fifty yeeres of dayes, in their mis-spent time (for it was not *vita*, but *tempus*) and now ready to die, are euen then to learne how to die, when they are in the Act of dying. *Quæ tam stulta mortalitatis oblivio, inde velle vitam inchoare, quò pauci perduxerimus?* deferring as well as presuming, makes many men implicite Atheists.

It was a sweet speech, and might well haue become an elder body, which a yong innocent child vsed lying in extremity of sickenesse: Mother, what shall I doe, I shall dye, before I know what death is,

I pray

I pray you tell me what is death, and how I ſhould die? Certainely, *multùm intereſt, peccare aliquis nolit, an neſciat.* But there is *nil miſerius morienti quam neſcire mori*; nay, ſaith one, *Tolerabilius eſt non eſſe, quàm neſcire mori.*

Since then it is a thing as well naturall as neceſſary for a man to dye, *Quiſquis ad ſummum peruenit, ad extremum properat.* It is no thankes to a man to pay that willingly, which he muſt doe of neceſſity. But in paying of this debt, wiſedome counſels thee two things:

Firſt to conſider the time when.

Secondly, the meanes or maner how.

For the time, ſeeke not Death in the errour of thy life. *Remember thy Creator in the dayes of thy youth, while the euill dayes come not, nor the yeeres approach wherein thou ſhalt ſay, I haue no pleaſure in you. Before the ſiluer cord be looſed, or the*

the golden ewer broken. Before the Almond tree flouriſh, and the Graſhoper bee a burthen. Before the keepers of the houſe ſhall tremble, the ſtrong men bow, the grinders ceaſe, They waxe darke that looke out by the windowes, and the daughters of muſicke be brought low.

Old *Barzillai* being in this caſe, refuſed all the pleaſures of a Kings houſe, though hee was gently intreated by King *David*.

Age, or ſickneſſe will make a man vnapt either to compoſe, or diſpoſe himſelfe to death: *Tunc tibi tarda fluunt ingrataq; tempora.* It is no good time then to prepare to die, when it is a burthen to liue.

Thy beſt health affoords but time good enough for this buſineſſe. Therefore dedicate not all thy time to buſineſſe, for that as well as ſloth may rob thee of thy time: *Mortem horres amaram; Subitam, Turbulentam; vis placidam,*

dam piam, quietam? In tua eſt poteſtate qualem vis efficere.

Doe you deſire ſome ſignes of death before you take this courſe? *Tres ſunt mortis nuntij, caſus, infirmitas, ſenectus. Caſus dubia, infirmitas grauia ſenectus certa denunciat. Caſus nuntiat mortem latentem, infirmitas apparentem, ſenectus præſentem.*

Three ſignes of approching death.

When man begins to be ſicke, his ſenſes are wholly buſied about the paines of the diſeaſe.

Iam vigor & quaſſo languent in corpore vires.

The Phyſician is then conferring with thee of the ſtate of thy body. The Lawyer is conſulted with about thy worldly ſtate. The Miniſter touching thy ſoules health. Thy friends are then vnwelcome, ſtrangers trouble thee, viſites offend thee: thy owne ſeruants cannot pleaſe thee, other mens diſcourſes tire thee, to ſpeake thy ſelfe, ſpends thee, and to bee ſilent,

ſilent grieues thee, not to bee told how thou doeſt, vexes thee, to be told how ill thou art, diſcomforts thee; but it moſt of all afflicts thee, to ſee thy wife, children and kindred weeping and lamenting by thee.

Thus miſerably we poore men at this time are diſtreſſed and diſtracted, made vnfit for any thing, when, as God knowes, a due preparation to death requires all the faculties and ſtrength of a ſound, perfect, and whole man. Thinke not to ſerue God with thy dotage, when thou haſt ſerued thy pleaſures with thy youth. God for his ſacrifice will haue the young *Iſaac* of thine age. *You ſhall not ſee my face*, ſaith *Ioſeph* to his brethren, *except you bring your younger brother with you.*

Euery man naturally, when he comes neere the goale of death, euen for ſome intrinſecall cauſe, though vnknowne to himſelfe, is then weary of himſelfe, entertaines

taines life with a tedious diſlike. *Tunc iniucunda eſt rei pœnitendæ recordatio*, diſtaſting euery thing, neglecting the very thought of all humane affaires.

Nec inueni luſus, qui placuere, iuuant.

In the ſtraits of death, then he prayes, God deliuer mee, then thinkes, O how am I ſtraitned till it be accompliſhed.

This ſhould haue beene done when ſtrength of vnderſtanding ſerued. *Nam ſerum eſt tunc viuere incipere, cùm deſinendum eſt.*

The little Bee, ſo ſoone as flowers ſpring, goes abroad, viewes the gay Diapery, and the diuerſity of the flowrie fields, ſuckes the choyceſt of them, fraights her thighes, carries to her hiue, makes a curious combe, and ſo by times hoards vp honey in Summer againſt the Winter; *Mors Hyems eſt, orate ne fiat fuga veſtra hieme.* Why is the Winter harder to the Graſhoper, then to the Ant? one-

ly

ly prudencie and imprudencie differs them.

Thinke not thou the winter of thine age, a time fit enough for this worke. *Manna* must be gatheted in the morning; it is too late to prepare when time is past before you begin. It is said of old Father *Iacob* who was a great trauailer, that before hee died, *Pedes suos ad se collegit: Sic tu animi pedes.* Those cogitations and affections, *quibus viuens totum orbem peragrasti:* Gather them vp, and then repose to Rest. Begin not to turne to God when thou art not able to turne thee in thy bed. The foure ages of men are resembled to the foure vigils of the night: *Prima pueritiam, secunda adolescentiam, Tertia virilem, Quarta senectutem adumbrat*: The first and last are sleepie ages, the other are the vigorous times: Therefore *paret se homo, præcingat se Secunda & Tertia.* These are the watches Christ mentions.

Repen-

Repentance also begun in the time of sickenesse, is commonly as sicke as the partie, yeelding then when it cannot resist, and then preparing and repenting, when all other helpes and hopes faile: Trust not long life, nor late repentance; *Sera pœnitentia raro vera.*

Repentance when to be practised.

Sound repentance and fit preparation must both be timely, not then forsaking sinne when sinne forsakes vs; and wishing time when time is past. *Omnis motus naturalis velocior est in fine*, the end of time affoords little time.

Holy *Iob* tels vs, *If thy bones bee full of the sinnes of thy youth, they wil lie downe with thee in the dust. Sed moriantur ante mortem vitia, & ad iudicium non sequantur.* Whē death hath folded vp thy dayes, all opportunitie is past. The cocke crowed, but that *Gallicinium*, so soft a voyce could not awake thee. Therefore *Cygnicinium*, lowder musicke, must end the Scene. Do thou

by thy conſcience as men deale with their ſtewards; call it to accompt *ante mortem, & audies mortem dicentem, non poſſis vellicare amplius; Mercatum hanc vitam puta, ſed nec mundinæ poſt hanc vitam nec quæſtus loci.*

In a long miſ-led life we amaſſe many ſinnes; it will aſke great labour to quit our ſelues of them. Great labour and little time ſuit not: Therefore worke while it is day, *The night commeth, when no man can worke.* Vſe not time, as ill husbands doe their Farmes, let their Leaſe run out, before they be e're the better for their Farmes.

Few and euill are the dayes of the longeſt liued man, and yet to euery man there is a *Triduum* lent, the ſpace of three dayes at leaſt: but ſleepe not *vſq; Quatriduum*, leſt it be ſaid, *Hee hath lyen foure dayes in the graue: Iam fœtet.*

Flatter not thy ſelfe by the theeues example, who repented, but in *illa hora.* That is not ſet for imita-

imitation, but to keepe from deſperation.

It is a ſtrange thing to ſee, that old men will not ſee death, though it bee before their faces; nor young men, though it ſtand at their backes. The old gray-headed man to ſeeme young, had coloured his haire blacke, but the deuill told him hee would not be ſo cozened.

Non omnes fallis, ſcit te Proſerpina canum.

—Mundus ipſe ſeneſcit,

if you marke all things well.

The common faſhion is to put men in mind of their death, when we doubt they cannot liue. Till the Phyſician findes ſome ill ſymptomes, the patient may not bee diſheartened with the name of death. But he is the good Phyſician of my ſoule, that tells mee of death, when he ſees me liue in ſinne.

There is not any man ſo wicked, who with his good will would

would die in his ſinne; yet moſt ſo liue as if they beleeued permiſſion were the Article of their faith all their life long: and the Article of remiſſion of ſinnes, were reſerued till the point of Death.

But terrible will death be when the dying man with griefe for opportunity loſt, will repent that euer he liued, and count it happyneſſe enough, if then hee might die and be no more. But that will not bee, *quia Mors eſt ſine morte, Semper viuit, ſemper occidit, ſed nunquam præoccidit.*

That which ends all, is without all end; Remember the parable of the fiue fooliſh virgins, and the faire warning Chriſt giues: *Bee yee readie, for the Sonne of Man comes at an houre: Non dicit annum, aut menſem, cum ne ſecuros per horam conſtet. Ecce venio ſicut fur*; that is, when you ſleepe beſt, and thinke leaſt of him: *Dum nec mortem irruentem, nec Iudicem venientem, nec ſupplicium horrendum vidimus.*

Now

Settlement in Religion, the best preparation for Death.

Now as it is wisedome to bee prepared for death; so if you will die with peace of conscience, bee well resolued in point of Religion before you die, neuer any man was a looser by beleeuing: for faith is euer recompensed with glory; while thou liuest it is not amisse to make doubts; vertue desires dangers: but thou shalt finde it a fearefull thing, to die in doubt; and the happiest thing vnder heauen, to be well assured, and cleerely resolued in the trueth of thy faith before thou diest. This done, then bee of good cheere, for thou shalt heare Christ say vnto thy sicke soule, as he said vnto the sinfull woman, *Goe in peace, thy faith hath saued thee.* And let all conceited humanists remember what their master *Aristotle* said when hee died: *Anxius vixi, dubius morior, O Ens entium, miserere mei.*

Now of the way to die well.

Non eſt res magna viuere: Hoc omnes faciunt: ſed pauci bene moriuntur. Et illi Mors grauis incubat qui notus omnibus, ignotus moritur ſibi. Man is ready to die before hee liues, and therefore liued in the world, that hee might die to the world, *his yeeres come to an end as a tale that is told*: his dayes deceiue him, for they paſſe as ſhadowes by Moonſhine, then appearing longeſt, when they draw neereſt to an end. Wee that now liue, liue by death; for had not Chriſt dyed, wee had not liued. Therefore ſaith S. *Paul*, *My life is not deare vnto mee, ſo as I may finiſh my courſe with ioy.*

Doe you deſire to liue a long time? the ſonne of *Sirach* ſaith, *A man that is made perfect in a ſhort time, fulfils a long time. Et vita ipſa, ſi ſcias vti, longa eſt. Vir bonus bis viuit*, ſaith the Spaniard.

Ampliat

Ampliat ætatis ſpatium ſibi vir bonus,
Hoc eſt viuere bis, vitâ poſſe priore
frui.

He liues twice, that leades his firſt life well. *Alexander* had a good account of his age, reckoning by victories, not by dayes. So ſhould Chriſtians count their dayes by euery ſinne they conquer in that day. Numbring of dayes, ſaith Saint *Auſtine*, is not *numerus dierum, quis ſit*, but *qui ſit*.

Tres ſunt dies hominis, ſaith Saint *Hierom*, *Dies Conditionis*, *dies Conuerſionis*, *dies Reſurrectionis*. *One day certifieth another*, ſaith *Dauid*. Time lent vs flyes away in the time that is lent, euery moment comming, being the death of that is paſt: But weigh well euery moment, for it is of ſo great moment, as that vpon it depends eternity of time to come.

THe Art of dying well is better learn't by practiſe, then by precept.

Vnto dying well there are

Three things requisite to dying well.

Three things most requisite.

First, to bee often meditating vpon death.

Secondly, to be dying dayly.

Thirdly, to dye by little and little.

The first step to dying well.

Often meditation of Death, brings you to die in ease, alleuiates paines, expels feares, eases cares, cures sinnes, corrects death it selfe.

Quo modo non morimur, cùm viuitur mortuis? wee liue with so many deaths about vs, that wee cannot but often thinke of dying. Euery humour in vs engenders a disease enough to kill vs, so that our bodyes are but liuing graues, and wee die, not because wee are sicke, but because wee liue, and when wee recouer sickenesse, wee escape not death, but the disease.

Doe then as the Preacher counsels; what you haue to doe, that doe quickely; For in the graue, whether thou goest, there is neither worke, nor discourse, nor trauaile,

uaile, nor wiſedome, nor conuerſation, nor fruition of any thing; all is entombed in ſilence, darkeneſſe ouerſhadowing it.

Meaſure not life, *ſpatio, ſed actu*, becauſe life is ordained for Action, not for fruition. If thou haſt any good to doe for the Church, the Common-wealth, or thy Friends, doe it quickely. Haſt thou much goods laid vp in ſtore? make thee friends with thy Mammon, but ſing not a *requiem* to thy ſoule; ſay not vainely, *Viuamus dum viuimus, fors fortuna vt volet, ordinet: vita iam in tuto eſt.* Remember *Hac nocte*: know, that after the day of vanitie, comes the night of Iudgement: then both light & delight goe out together. Sadly and ſuddenly ſhalt thou find all worldly pleaſures turned into waking dreames. *Dormierunt ſomnum ſuum et nihil inuenerunt omnes viri diuitiarum* ſaith the Pſalmiſt. *Et quæ paraſti, cuius erunt?* All the towers in the ayre that

thou haſt built, *Vno ictu proſternentur.*

On the other ſide, doeſt thou eate the bread of carefulneſſe, and drinke the water of weariſome affliction? Heere is *Manna*, bread from heauen, and water after which *non ſities.*

There is no ſuch cordiall to comfort cares, or temper ſorrowes, as often and ſeriouſly to thinke of death.

Priuacie with death, a ſoueraigne cordiall against death.

Bee acquainted with Death betimes; for through acquaintance, death will leeſe his horror: like vnto an ill face, though it bee as formidable as a Monſter; yet often viewing will make it familiar, and free it from diſtaſte. Death is blacke but comely.

It is ſaid that *Philoſtrates* liued ſeuen yeeres in his tombe, that hee might bee acquainted with it againſt his bones came to lye in it. Some Philoſophers haue beene ſo rapt in this Contemplation of Death and Immortalitie, that they

dif-

diſcourſe ſo familiarly and pleaſingly of it, as if a faire death were to bee preferred before a pleaſant life.

This is well for Natures part, and Moraliſts thinke it enough for their part, but Chriſtians muſt goe further, and ſearch deeper. They muſt ſearch where the power of death lies: They ſhall finde that the power of euery particular mans death lies in his own ſinnes, that death neuer hurts a man, but with his owne weapon: it alwaies turnes vpon vs ſome ſin it findes in vs. Where the power of death lyeth.

The ſting of death is ſinne. Plucke out the ſting, death cannot hurt. Dye often, and you ſhall be ſure to dye well. *Picus Mirandula* ſaid, if our death were euer in our eye, how could we ſinne: Therefore to mee death is welcome, not as an end of troubles, but of ſinne.

The ſecond ſtep to dying well, is to die dayly. *Morior, ne moriar,* The ſecond ſtep.

I dye dayly, ſaith S. *Paul. Singulos dies, ſingulas vitas puta; qui enim omnes dies tanquàm vitam ordinat, craſtinum nec optat, nec timet.* The old ſaying is as good, Doe that euery day, which thou wouldeſt doe the ſame day that thou dyeſt. *Bonum eſt conſumere vitam ante mortem*: Make that voluntary, which is neceſſary, and yeeld that quickly as a gift, which you muſt pay as a debt at laſt. Did men know that death were onely an end of life, and no more: euery man for his owne ends would bee a diſturber of the worlds peace while he liued, and ſeeke to make his owne but when he dyed. Hee that dies daily, ſeldome dies deiectedly: ſo hee that will liue when hee dies, muſt dye while hee liues. *The widow that liues in pleaſure* (ſaid Saint *Paul*) *is dead while ſhe liues.* Liue holily, and you ſhall die happily: Liue as though there were no Goſpel, but dye as if there were no Law. *Studeto*

deto talem esse in vita, qualem velis reperiri in morte.

A liuing man is subiect to a double death: The one naturall, the other spirituall. Naturall Death doth but separate the body from the soule: But the spirituall Death separates the soule from God. Of all other, it is the most desperate state of life to liue naturally, and to bee dead spiritually: *Thou hast a name to liue, but thou art dead*, said Saint *Iohn*: but of the Prodigall child returned from his euill wayes, it is said, *This my son was dead: but is now aliue.*

Two sorts of death, whereto euery man liuing is subiect.

Wee count it a fearefull thing for a man to bee author of his owne death. A sinfull life slayes the soule, and so while we liue, wee kill or loose our better life. The commandement that sayes, *Thou shalt doe no murder*, specially forbids the murthering of our owne soules: but certainely that which depriues vs of our better life, makes of all other the worst Death.

It is therefore a holy wisedome for a man to let his sinnes goe before him. *Moriantur ante te vitia.* They to die *actually*, thou heere *virtually*: and so to liue, that when thou art to die, thou haue nothing to doe but die: *Oculi stultorum semper in finibus terræ.* Trayle not after them.

Atchieuement of riches, pleasures, honours, haue beene painfull; yet if these things leaue not vs by accident, wee leaue them by death, and at our death wee shall plainely tell them, as *Iob* said, *Miserable comforters are you all.*

Saint *Marke* tells vs: *turba eijcitur, vt puella excitetur*: Thy soule as that Damosell lies dead when it is in the chambers of pleasure and is not Raised to Life. *Antequam multitudo curarum & deliciarum mundanarum eijcitur: Sufficit diei dolor suj*: Yet if life delight, then vse it, yet so, as a Traueller doth his Inne, for a night and away, and in thy iourney

ney follow not the common tracke. *Nam ad Deum faciens iter, per trita ſi itur, longiùs abitur.* But doe as the doubtfull paſſenger, aske queſtions of euery one you meete, that can ſet you in your right way. Herein bee as great a queſtioniſt as were thoſe religious Ladies of Rome, who neuer let *S. Hierome* reſt for queſtions, which was the readieſt way to heauen. If a man would compare the Forenoone of his age with the Afternoone, how long the one is, and how ſhort the other is, euery man would be dying daily. *Palmares poſuiſtidies meo.* The longeſt liuer hath but a handfull of dayes. Life it ſelfe is but a circle, alwaies beginning where it ends.

Erat, quando non erat; ſed erit. Time was, when man was not. But how late a beginning ſoeuer man had, yet after death he ſhall be ſure neuer to ſee end. With the *Ancient of dayes* there are no dayes:

dayes: And the time shall be, when time shall be no more.

Two common errors

1. There bee two common errours which deceiue most men: First, that a man enters not into eternall life till hee dyes: when as his calling here begins his life eternall. To *Zacheus* (Christ said) *This day is salvation come vnto thy house.*

Faith preuents time, and makes things future, present. The godly man that hath his present life hid with Christ in God, so liues heere, as it his conuersation were in heauen, carrying himselfe not onely honestly, ciuilly, and humanely; but beyond naturall condition, his life seemes super humane, diuine and spiritual.

2. The second errour is, that howeuer a man liues, yet if at last hee seeme to die well, then all is well, and his soule is sure to bee saued: this is a bold and a dangerous conceit; for though Misery be the obiect of Mercy, and Hope the

the miſerable mans god; yet humane life hath not a greater friend, nor many times a greater foe, then Hope.

Many would dye, did not hope ſuſtaine them: more haue died, flattered with vaine hope. Whoſo hopes too much, cozens himſelfe at laſt. *Be not deceiued, God is not mocked: not euery one that ſaith, Lord, Lord, ſhall enter into the Kingdome of heauen.* In this mortall life enter into the firſt degree of life eternall, or thou mayeſt die eternally, with *Lord haue mercy vpon vs* in thy mouth. But haue thy part here in the firſt Reſurrection, which is from ſinne to Grace: and then thou ſhalt enioy the ſecond Reſurrection, which is from duſt to Glory.

To die by little and little the third ſtep.

The third ſtep to well dying, is to die by little and little. *Totâ die mortificamur.* Naturally wee are euery day dying by degrees. The faculties of our mind the ſtrength of our bodies, our common ſenſes

ſes euery day decaying *paulatim:* Euery knowne ſin is a death, not a diſeaſe.

He that vſeth this courſe, euery day to die by little and little, to him let death come when it will, it cannot be either terrible or ſuddaine. If wee keepe a Courſer to runne a Race, wee lead him euery day ouer the place to acquaint him by degrees with all things by the way, that when he comes vpon his ſpeed, he doe not ſtart or turne aſide from any thing he ſees: So let vs inure our ſoules, and then wee ſhall run with boldneſſe *the race that is ſet before vs.*

To die by little and little, is firſt to mortifie our leſſer ſinnes, and not to ſay with *Lot*, *Is it not a little one?* Wee may not waſh our hands from crying and from bloody ſinnes, and yet hugge in our boſome ſome beloued and Herodian ſin: No man is ſo wicked as to bee addicted to all kind of vices, for betwixt ſome vices there

there is an antipathy. Certainely great ſinnes will neuer be conquered, if little ſinnes bee cheriſhed. Saint *Cyprian* writing conſolatory Epiſtles to the Martyrs of his time, told them that he that once hath ouercome death in his owne perſon, doth daily ouercome him in his members: if you mortifie the members of your fleſh by little and little, you will not feare the crueltie of any exquiſite death the tyrant can deuiſe.

There be a ſort of little deaths, as ſickeneſſe of body, troubles of minde, loſſe of friends, and the like: vſe theſe rightly in their kinde, and you may make them kindely helpes to dying well.

The right way to bring any thing to a good end, is to proceed by degrees. God himſelfe made nothing abſolute at firſt. This great God loues to haue degrees kept degreeingly: to grow to greatneſſe is the courſe of the world, ſo by little and little to goe out

out of the world *per gradus*, not *per ſaltum*, is the way to Heauen Let a man goe out of the world, as he came into the world, which was, firſt by a life of *Vegetation*, then of *Senſe*, afterwards of *Reaſon*. *Dauid* preſcribes vs this order when hee ſayes, *Doce me & duce me, Domine.* Hee will not runne till hee bee taught to goe. *Teach mee to doe thy will, and leade me into the land*: What land is that? There is *terra quam terimus*: land on earth, which yeelds vs all pleaſures, that's not it: There is *terra quam gerimus*, refined earth, beautified bodies which we beare about vs, nor is this it. There is, *terra quam quærimus*: the glorious land of promiſe, that's the land we ſeeke. Into this land, *duce me, Domine.*

For the manner of dying.

AMongſt men it is a matter of chiefe marke, the manner of a mans death: *Summum hominis bonum*

bonum, bonus ex hac vita exitus. All men, as men, die naturally; as Christians, they should die religiously. The good man equally can die, or liue; for he knowes if hee liue, God will protect him; if he dyes, God will receiue him. The Prophet *Dauid* in a Contemplation of Death, ingeminates the word, saying, *Domine, Domine, exitus mortis. The issues of death belong to thee.*

A good man by his good will would die praying, and doe as the pilgrim doth, goe on his way singing, and so addes the paine of singing, to that of going; Yet by this surplus of paine, vnwearies himselfe of paine. But some wretches thinke God rather curious, then they faulty, if a few sighes, with a Lord haue mercie vpon vs, be not enough at the last gaspe.

There is no spectacle in the world so profitable, or more terrible, then to behold a dying man: to stand by, and see a man dismanned.

ned. Curiouſly didſt thou make man *in the loweſt part of the earth* (ſaith *Dauid:*) but to ſee thoſe elements, which compounded made the body, to ſee theſe diuided, and the man to be diſſolued, is ruefull. So dependant is the life of man, that it cannot want one element. Fire and Ayre, theſe flie vpward, Water and Earth, they ſinke downeward, So liuing man becomes a dead carkaſe.

Euery dying man carries Heauen and earth wrapt vp in his boſome, and at this time each part returnes homeward.

Seneca thought a man might chuſe his owne death, which was ſome eaſe to him. *Quemadmodum nauim eligam nauigaturus, & domum habitaturus: Ita mortem vtiq; quâ ſum exiturus è vita.* But better ſaith another, *Stultè hæc cogitantur: vitam alijs approbare quiſquam debet, mortem verò ſibi.*

But ſince it is ſo great a matter to die, ſo neceſſary to die well, ſo dange-

dangerous to die ill: Let your life be an acting of Death.

Certainely Death hath great dependancie on the course of a mans life.

Augustus Cesar: *Bonam mortem putabat celerem, & insperatam, quæ nullâ ægritudine pulsaret fores*: so often as he heard of a man that had a quick passage with little sence of griefe, he wished for himselfe that *Euthanasy*: he being at the point of Death thus addressed himselfe: Called for his Looking glasse, Commanded to haue his haire and beard kembed: *Et malas labentes corrigi*, His riueled cheekes smoothed vp, Then asking his friends if hee had acted his part well: *Cum ita responderint, vos omnes igitur inquit plaudite.*

There bee many that choose rather to die quickly, then to liue long sickly. Some that will inuite Death to doe them the kindnesse to take them soone out of the world, counting a short death, the happiest

happieſt houre of a mans life. And for this (ſaith *Tully*) a man is moſt beholding to Nature. *Quòd vnum introitum ad vitam dedit, exitus vero multos. Sed non ſic itur ad aſtra.* Chriſtians know better waies, as how to liue in grace, that they may die in peace. And to whom this grace is giuen, for him glory is reſerued, ſaith Saint *Paul*. Many a good man is ſore troubled to ſee men of the beſt liues, to haue diſtempered and perplexed ends; Some rauing, ſome deſpairing, ſome dying ſuddenly, and ſeldome haue any ſo bitter draughts, as thoſe whom God loues beſt.

It is fit therefore to take notice of the cauſes that be naturall. Deſpaire in dying, may ariſe as well from weakenes of nature, as from trouble of minde: but in neither caſe can this preiudice him that hath liued well. *Marke the righteous, and behold the perfect man, for the end of that man is peace*: His bo-

dy

dy may be ſicke, but his minde is ſound, for God maketh all his bed in his ſickneſſe and in the inſtant of ſeparation his Soule knowes it ſelfe happy.

Rauings, and other ſtrange paſſions, are many times rather the effect of the diſeaſe, then mouing from the minde. For vpon deaths approaches, choler fuming to the braine wil cauſe diſtempers in the moſt patient ſoule. In theſe caſes the faireſt and trueſt iudgement that can be made, is, that ſinnes of ſickneſſe, occaſioned by violence of the diſeaſe in a patient man, are but ſinnes of infirmitie, and not to be taken as ill ſignes or preſages: I will not deſpaire in reſpect of that mans impatient dying, whom the worme of conſcience had not troubled, or deuoured liuing.

Dauid in this caſe, the better to make his way, prayed, and cryed, *Lord, ſpare mee a little, O ſpare me, that I may recouer ſtrength, before I goe hence and be no more.*

Indeede

Indeede to *Ezekias* ſome yeeres of dayes were lent, but we are not worthy of that fauour, wee muſt time it as we may, and bee content to liue and die at vncertainties.

As a ſicke man hearkens to the clocke, ſo let vs watch Death. For ſudden comming of death finding a weake ſoule vnprepared, makes it deſperate, leaues it miſerable.

What death is to bee counted ſudden.

Sudden death of it ſelfe is not therefore euill, becauſe it is ſudden: but becauſe it may take vs away ſuddenly, our ſoules vnprepared. The good man neuer dyes vnprepared, becauſe his perſeuerance in goodneſſe, is a prouidence againſt ſudden Death.

If a man bee alwayes prepared, and haue ſet all euen betwixt heauen and his conſcience; ſudden death is but a quicker paſſage to heauen, and is not to be accounted a ſudden death, but a ſudden departure, becauſe it came not vnlookt for.

Though the righteous bee preuented

uented by Death (ſaith the Booke of Wiſedome) yet ſhall hee bee at reſt, becauſe hee hath made his peace beforehand. His departure is no miſerie, for his hope is full of eternitie. *Ezekiel* the Prophet (ſo often ſtiled *Sonne of man*) to him God ſayes, *I take away from thee the delight of thine eyes*, (which was his wife) *with a ſtroke ſuddenly*, and *yet thou ſhalt not weepe*. Let not the preſent pleaſures of this life allure thee, nor the cares thereof poſſeſſe thee, and ſudden death cannot ſurpriſe thee. *Improuiſa nullis Mors, cui prouida Vita.* But if a man doe not prepare to die, he may liue ſeuen yeeres in a conſumption, and yet die a ſudden death. For any time is ſudden to him that is vnprepared.

They take their marke amiſſe who iudge a man by his outward behauiour in his death. If you know the goodneſſe of a mans life, iudge him not by the ſtrangeneſſe of his death. When a man comes

comes to bee iudged, his life, and not the manner of his death, ſhall giue the euidence with him, or againſt him. Many that liue wickedly, would ſeeme to die holily, more for feare to be damned, then for any loue to goodneſſe. To theſe men there is *malum trip'ex, quod manet in ſeptima* Which is *Horror in exitu. Dolor in tranſitu. Pudor in conſpectu Dei.* If my life pleaſe God, I am ſure my death ſhall pleaſe me: for hee that liues well, is ſure to die well: for Chriſt neuer leaues any of his at parting, but he that liues ill, is not ſure to die well. *Vitæ præſentis finem, talem eſſe oportet, quale futuræ eſt principium.*

It is a great happineſſe to die in eaſe. *Quis tam facile, quando vult, dormit*, as he that layes downe his life in peace.

Vt moriare pius, viuere diſce piè.

Yet a good man doth not alwayes die in the exerciſe of his goodneſſe. But as a wiſe man when

when hee ſleepes, leeſes not his knowledge; no more doth a good man his graces, though he die in diſtemper. For habitudes of goodneſſe doe not then leaue him, though they cannot then do their office for him.

But the vulgar opinion, if a man die quietly, and goe away like a lambe (which in Conſumptions and dul diſeaſes, all men doe) then ſure hee goes to Heauen. But if he die diſtempered, and of franticke behauiour (which happens to many through extreame inflammations) then ſure he goes to hell, is a iudgement from nature, not of Religion; and in this caſe truſt not Natures iudgement, for it is arted with ſubtilties of phyſicke: Who finde more diſtreſſes within then without, haue moſt cauſe to feare. He that can ſhut his eyes euery night with a quiet cõſcience, ſhall meete with little diſturbances when death ſhall cloſe his eyes at laſt, nor will he care who ſhuts vp

his earthen eyes, when Death it ſelfe opens his Soules eyes.

Serenitie, ioy, and peace in a dying man, is a hopefull behauiour: yet wee ſee the cleere ſtarres that are ſo delightfull to behold, bring forth their Rayes by ſparkelings, and dartings, as though they were deliuered of their light by trauell and hard aſſayes: So good men in their death haue great varietie of accidents, many languors, many agonies, many iterated endeauours, trauailing of Death, as in a Childbirth. But when the paſſages of the ſoule lye open to God without oppoſition of worldly cares, then it peaceably makes egreſſe with a ſweetneſſe, and without diſturbance.

Naturall cauſes haue their operations; but it is the God of nature that commands them. It is Gods propertie ſometimes to worke ſupernaturally by nature.

But truſt to this, beleeue aright, and liue as you beleeue, and you

ſhall

ſhall be ſure to die in ſafety: and the way to end life quietly, is to render it willingly.

Let no contentment of the world ſo fixe you to the world, as to make you deſire longer life. *Sæpe in hoc eſſe, Benè, non diù.* Shortneſſe of life is no vnhappineſſe. *Citiùs mori vel tardiùs, ad rem non pertinet; bene mori aut malè, ad rem ſpectat.*

The Booke of Wiſedome ſaith, *Hee was ſuddenly taken away, leaſt ill ſhould alter his vnderſtanding, or deceit beguile his ſoule.*

Had preſent death beene euill, or long life good, *Cain* had beene ſlaine, and *Abel* had ſuruiued. But Death commonly begins firſt, where God loues beſt. *His ſoule,* ſaith the ſonne of *Sirach, pleaſed God; therefore haſted hee to take him away.*

Wee ſee the beſt men liue not longeſt. And indeede it were iniurious to wiſh that goodneſſe ſhould hinder any man from hap

pineſſe. Hee that lends good men to the world, owes them a better turne then to let them liue long in the world.

One man ſeemes to die caſually, another violently, both by deſtinie, all men by Decree.

Quẽ dederat curſum natura, peregi, ſaid the Poet. But the Diuine tels vs, though *Moſes* dyed vpon one Hill, *Aaron* vpon another Hill: yet both where they might ſee the land of Promiſe.

How familiarly did *Moſes* heare of Death, when there was no more betwixt God and him, But, *Moſes goe vp and dye?*

With ſuch a ſociable compellation are good men inuited to Death, as to a Feaſt.

Nec mihi Mors grauis eſt
poſituro morte labores.
--- Mors mihi merces erit.

The

The assurance of life after Death.

Although my flesh bee eaten with wormes, these wormes turned to dust, this dust blowne through the earth, yet after thou hast *turned all to destruction, Againe thou sayest, Come againe you children of men.* Hitherto shalt thou come said *Iob*, but no further: Here shall thy proud waues be staid: *Mors vsque ad corpus solum per tinget, vltra non progreditur. Redemptor meus*, is the word of assurance, *My Father, and your Father*, saith the Gospel. *Meum* and *tuum*, are words of Assurance to mens soules, though in mens states they make all Controuersies. *I know that my redeemer liueth.* How doe I know it? not by Opinion, but by Faith. *Fides non creditur, sed cernitur.* Things are not so, because wee are perswaded they are so: but because they be so, therefore wee are so perswaded. The

Assurance of life after death.

woman with child, knowes ſhe is with child, when ſhe feeles it ſtirre liuely: So the Spirit of God aſſures our ſpirit, when wee feele his Spirit in vs.

Holy *Iob* ſaith, *Though after the skinne wormes deſtroy the body, yet in my fleſh I ſhall ſee God for my ſelfe, and mine owne eyes ſhall behold him, and not an others.*

Which numerall Identity giues certaintie, that this ſoule of mine imperſonated anew, and ſo inanimating my body againe, ſhall giue a new being, and a better being vnto both.

That ſoule, the loſt pearle, which to finde a man would haue giuen all that he had, ſhal there be found ingrauen in gold, where as heere it was found ſet but in clay. A man, ſaith *Chryſoſtome*, would dwell in this Contemplation and be loth to come out of it.

The

The fourth generall diuiſion.

IIII.

What our laſt thoughts ſhould be.

LAſt words make deepeſt impreſſions: Chriſts laſt words in the Bible are, *Surely I come quickely.* Our anſwer is, Amen. Euen ſo come Lord Ieſus, &c.

As in greateſt extremities good Phyſicians leaue drugges, and miniſter onely Cordials: ſo deale by thy ſoule when death approaches; caſt away all worldly cares, entertaine only thoughts that will animate thy weake body, and refreſh thy thirſtie ſoule, as did that *dew of Hermon* falling vpon the *Hill of Sion:* nor will I feare how this body of mine ſhall appeare another day. For I am promiſed by him that

will performe, it ſhall not bee found naked: But this couering of fleſh being caſt off, I ſhall take this body againe cloathed with *glory*, as with an other *garment*.

This doth Saint *Paul* moſt elegantly and diuinely expreſſe, ſaying: *Wee know, that if our earthly houſe of this Tabernacle bee deſtroyed, wee haue a building giuen of God, that is, a houſe not made with hands, but eternall in the heauens. For therefore wee ſigh, and deſire to be cloathed with our houſe, which is from heauen: Becauſe, that if wee be cloathed, wee ſhall not be found naked. For* indeede *we that are in this Tabernacle, ſigh and are burthened, becauſe we would not be vncloathed, but cloathed vpon, that immortalitie might be ſwallowed vp of life. And hee that hath created vs for this thing, is God, who alſo hath giuen vs the earneſt of his Spirit. Therefore we are alwayes bold, though we know that whilſt we are at home in the bodie*

die, wee are abſent from the Lord. For wee walke by faith, and not by ſight. Neuertheleſſe, we are bold and loue rather to remoue out of the body, and to dwell with the Lord. 2. Cor. 5.

This is ſo promiſing and ſo ſweet, as it ſeemes, to tranſport a man aliue from earth to Heauen. *Hic in viâ es, ſed illic eris in Patriâ* Therefore baite not too long vpon pleaſures by the way. All the while I liued, ſaid a good man, I was going on my iourney towards my countrey: but now that I am dying, I finde my ſelfe neere home, I am now come to Mount Sion the Citie of the liuing God, the heauenly Hieruſalem.

I will not therefore ſit downe on this ſide Iordane, but haſten to the Citie; whither when I come, I ſhall there ſee my God face to face, heare my Sauiour ſay, *Euge bone ſerue. It is my Fathers will to giue thee a kingdome.*

Is it not enough, that my God

is gone vp to prepare a place for me, but will hee giue mee a kingdome alſo? And ſhall not I bee glad, when God ſhall come and fetch mee to enthrone me in this kingdome? *Abſit.*

Now mee thinkes I heare my ſoule ſay, *Cur non accedis Domine? Quid moraris?* I haue too long dwelt in this ſepulchre of earth. *And woe is me, that I ſtill remaine in Meſech, and dwell in theſe tents of Kedar. It is enough Lord*, as *Elias* ſaid in the wilderneſſe, *Take now away my life, for I am no better then my Fathers were.*

Nay, my ſoule is now growne ſo high minded, that ſhee ſaith, *Maior ſum, & ad maiora genitus, quàm vt mancipium ſim huius corporis*: Base Philoſophy made ſuch impreſſion in *Socrates*, That *in carcere damnatus egit cum diſcipulis de corpore, ſicut de alio ergaſtulo.* The body to bee a worſe priſoner to the Soule, then that was to his body. Thus rich in thoughts, and great

great in expectation doth diuine Contemplation make vs.

Therefore it is but duety in Man to know the dignitie of his Soule, which is ſo heauenly ambitious, as it will not let heauen alone, till it may ſee, as it is ſeene.

Granata eſt anima mea, my bodie is a burthen to my ſoule. It hath had honour enough to haue beene ſo long companion with my Soule: wherefore now as Saint *Hierome* ſaid, *Egredere anima, egredere.*

The Hermite ſitting on his turfe, ſaid to his ſoule, *Sexaginta annos ſeruiuiſti Deo, & nunc mori times?* Goe out of this Arke of fleſh, O my ſoule, for I ſmell the ſauour of reſt. *Celeritas nunc in deſiderio mora eſt.* Therfore as Chriſt ſaid to his diſciples: *Surgite, eamus hinc.* So ſay to thy Soule: *Surge anima de mundo, Eamus in cœlum.*

Though my ſoule, as a bird, for

for neceſſitie ſake, hath been faine to ſtay awhile heere vpon earth; yet willingly would ſhe be ſoaring in the skies. But I finde that *iſta vita eſt mihi impedimento ad id propter quod viuitur.* Specially when I heare my Sauiour ſay, *Father, I will that thoſe whom thou haſt giuen mee, be with me alſo where I am: That they may behold my glory. To him that is faithfull vntill death, I will giue a Crowne of life.* Therefore *deſiderio deſideraui ergaſtuli huius egreſſum*, that I may ſee *facie ad faciem*, him whom my ſoule loueth, & to be (Lord) where thou enioyeſt thy ſelfe, and glorified ſpirits enioy thee.

The earnest expectation of the Creature waites for the manifeſtation of the Sonnes of God. The expectation is great: yet the Soule waites.

Entertaine thy laſt houres with ſuch like thoughts. *Et hæ tibi dabunt ad æternitatem iter, & in itinere ſubleuabunt.* They will Angelize

gelize thy body, and emparadiſe thy ſoule, before thou commeſt into Heauen; yeeld a ſweetneſſe farre beyond the bitterneſſe of Death.

Certainely, a good ſoule, thus imploying it ſelfe, in *iſtâ horâ*, will not leaue the felicity it ſhall haue in ſuch a tranſmigration from death to life for all the ioyes that life paſt did euer render her.

Good Saint *Auſtguine*, in a high ſpeculation, endeuouring to expreſſe this heauenly ioy, was aſked by a graue old man, Father *Auſtine, quid agis?* A man may as well draw in all the ayre in the world with one breath, as expreſſe to the life that which thou art now about. Though this ineffable ioy cannot bee expreſſed: yet it is *res generoſa conari alta, & mente maiora concipere, quàm quæ effici poſſunt.*

Therefore this wee may doe, ſome way ſample that which wee can no way expreſſe.

Looke

Looke as a Bird that hath been long encaged then chants it moſt merrily, when ſhe gets looſe into the open ayre.

Nititur in ſylvas quæque redire ſuas:

Or as a ſicke man, that hath wearily toſſed and turned himſelfe in his bed all night, is then comforted when hee ſees the day breake, and the ſunne-beames guild the morning:

Or as a priſoner that feeles his chaines heauy vpon him, longs for releaſement.

Liberaque à ferris crura futura velit:

So it will bee with thy Soule, when thou ſhalt heare thy Sauiour ſay, *I am thy ſaluation. Come vnto mee thou that art weary and heauy lader, and I will refreſh thee. Pœnitentibus & petentibus pertinet Regnum*

num Cœlorum, To them that are weary of this durance, and sue for deliuerance, belongeth the kingdome of heauen.

Wherefore as a wearied trauel-ler that hath passed a long iourney (though perhaps met with some delights by the way) is then gladdest when hee comes within kenning of his countrey.

Natale solum dulcedine cunctos ducit.

Euen so thy soule, after many yeeres pilgrimage in the wilder-nesse of the world, being come with *Moses* to Mount Nebo, and beholding the pleasant land of Canaan from the top of Pisgah, will then laugh for ioy, as doth the Horizon, to see the Sunne com-ming *as a Bridegroome out of his chamber. Dilectus meus descendit ad hortum suum, ad areolam aromatum.*

Of this ioy thy dazled eyes might haue some glimpses, when thou wast in health: but then it was as the blind mans visiõ in the Gospel,

Gospel, to whose first sight men seemed to *walke like trees.* But in this thy new state, thou shalt see clearely men and Angels stand before the Lambes Throne, and heare thy selfe inuited to the Lambes Supper, where *thou shalt be brought into the wine seller, and loue will be the banner ouer thee.*

Come then, O Shunammite, *stay me with flagons, and comfort me with Apples, for I am sicke of loue: Kisse me with the kisses of thy mouth, for thy loue is better then wine; Shew mee, O thou whom my soule loueth, where thou feedest, where thou lyest at noone.*

Thus with *Solomon* in a Canticle, and with *Dauid* in a Psalme, let bee the Raptures of thy Soule, which, as in a trance, shall bee caught vp to heauen, as was *Philip* by the Spirit, or *Ezekiel* by the Angel.

And with an Heroicall alacritie tempered with a gracious humilitie, giue vp thy soule to God,

God, and bid farewell to the world.

It was S. *Bernards*, *I ſhall neuer truely ioy till I heare this word, Come you bleſſed*; *Nor ceaſe to ſorrow till this be paſt*; *Goe ye curſed.*

Dying Saint *Stephen*, before his eyes were cloſed, had a faciall ſight of his Sauiour, *looked ſtedfaſtly into heauen, and ſaw the glory of God, and Ieſus ſtanding at the right hand of God.* And old *Simeon*, after hee had ſeene his Sauiour, then reioyced to ſay, *Lord now letteſt thou thy ſeruant depart in peace, for mine eyes haue ſeene thy Saluation.*

Hoc videam, & moriar: Morior, vt videam.

THE RAPTVRE OF THE SOVLE.

Rapitur anima, cùm cœlestia Contemplatur, & contemplando iucundatur. And becauſe ſight increaſes delight; Therefore Rapture would faine aſcend to viſion. *Videre illa, non quæ videntur, ſed quæ non videntur.* But that's a priuiledge for Saint *Paul*; It ſo diuinely rauiſhes, as it raiſes in man towring thoughts, irradiates his ſoule with high apprehenſions; yea, ſo it eleuates mans ſoule to God, as it takes him out of himſelfe to liue aboue himſelfe. The Soule being thus powerfully attracted by the faire inducements of ſo diuine delight, Shee on her part correſponds, and with

with a willing aſſent glides after theſe attracts : And as a vapour exhaled by the Sun, ſhee goes out of her ſelfe, would willingly draw the body with her, but that ſubſtance is too ſad : wherefore ſhee quits it, as not agil, and ſpritefull enough to ſoare ſo high.

It is an admirable thing to conſider, that the eye of a man, ſo weake a creature, ſhould looke vp euery day to heauen, ſo wonderfull in height, and yet neuer bee tyred by the way. But by this I ſee, that heauenly Contemplation, if it be ſtrong enough, and not ouer-clogged with earthy thoughts, is able to carry vs with eaſe to heauenly extaſie : but then there muſt be application of the will and vnderſtanding, from things *ſublunarie*, to things *heauenly*. For the will takes pleaſure to perceiue the vnderſtanding taken into Rapture; and when as the faculties both of will and vnderſtanding, doe intercommunicate their rauiſhments, then

then are we ſweetly brought into diuine extaſie.

Of this ſacred extaſie, the Seraphical Diuines make diuers ſorts: One of Vnderſtanding, a ſecond of Affection, a third of Action.

Action is well added, for a man is not to bee aboue himſelfe in Contemplation, and vnder himſelfe in Conuerſation.

The firſt of the three is in *Splendore*. The ſecond in *Feruore*. The third in *Labore*. The one cauſed by Admiration, the other by Deuotion, the laſt by Operation.

In theſe Raptures, the Fathers who were ſtiled Saints, had ſuch a complacency, as they ſtroue to act this as the way of a new life, ſometime before their Death, inſomuch as the Votaries would ſay: Neuer was Saint but had Extaſie and rauiſhment of life before his death. They laboured by a liquefaction of their ſoules into God, to Inſoule themſelues in God: to put their ſoules out of the

the naturall comportment of the body, and ſo to liue in diuine extaſie, without liuing in the body.

Some ſo liued, as it was doubted whether they were liuing men dead, or dead-men liuing: nay ſome, with feruency of ſpirit, were tranſported into ſuch Extaſie, that their ſoules being wholly conuerſant in diuine Contemplation they cared not to afford common aſſiſtance to Nature, and ſo haue dyed through exinanition and want of ſtrength: conceiuing there was no vſe of any creature to them that enioyed the Creator.

Thus did loue performe the office of Death. *Loue is as ſtrong as Death*, ſaith *Solomon*; nay with them it wrought more then death could doe. For death onely performeth by effect, that which loue operated by affection.

Death did but ſeparate their bodies from their ſoules: But loue ſeparated their ſoules from their bodies. In ſuch a trance they report

Saint

Saint *Auſtine* to ſay, *O God thou onely art all mine, when ſhall I bee wholly thine?*

S. *Bernard* to ſay, *What is there in heauen, or what deſire I on earth, but thee, O Lord? Thou art the God of my heart, and my eternall portion, my Soule is ſatisfied with nothing, but to be with thee.*

S. *Ambroſe* to ſay, *The ſoule of* Ionathan *was knit to* Dauid; *but my ſoule is glued vnto thee, O Lord.*

S. *Hierome* to ſay; *O my Sauiour, diddeſt thou die of loue for mee? A loue more dolorous then death: but to me, a death more louely, then loue it ſelfe. I cannot liue, loue thee, and be longer from thee.*

S. *Baſil* to ſay, *That* Iacob, *when hee had faſt hold on God, let him goe for a bleſſing:* but the Shunamite, *My ſoule will not let thee goe ſo.* For ſhe now ſeekes no more Benedictions of God, but to enioy the God of Benedictions.

When *Sauernius* the Indian Saint was recouering from dying, it is reported

reported hee was heard to say, *O my God, doe not for pitie so ouerioy me, if I must liue still and haue such consolations, take me to heauen. For he that hath once tasted this and thy sweetnesse, must necessarily liue in bitternesse.*

This is the state of loues life in God, which giueth a super-humane Being vnto man, man being yet on earth. So that this ardent loue, neuer satiated heere, hauing ingrafted mee into God by her vniting vertue, makes me now say, *Viuo ego, sed non ego: viuit verò in me Christus. My life is hid in Christ with God.* And though my Sauiour be hidden from my corporall eyes in God, as God was hidden in him, while hee liued heere on earth; yet now me thinkes I see him face to face. *Visione beatificâ, & ingitèr reuelatâ facie, Sponsi gloriam speculando, transformatur anima de claritate in claritatem: Audet & ipsa loqui,*

Tota pulchra es amica mea.

MORTIS EPILOGVS.

QVoniam mors me quotidiè expectat, ego mortem quotidiè expectabo.

But before thou goest, consider well these foure things.

1 *Vnde venis.*
2 *Quò vadis.*
3 *Quid es.*
4 *Quid eris.*

Vpon enquiry *vnde venio*, I am told, *Peccatores peccatorem me in peccato genuerunt.*

Miseri miserum me in hanc lucis miseriam induxerunt.

Conceptus, culpa. Nasci, miseria. Viuere, pœna. Mors, angustia. Et quantò est vita mea longior, tantò est culpa mea numerosior.

This makes me to thinke,
Quorsum commodata est mihi vita humana?

For this onely,

Ad comparandum vitam cœlestem:
Et hoc vult divina clementia,
Quòd vita mea sit brevior,
Vt labor meus sit levior.

For my, *Quò vado.*

IT is lifes *Posy*, *Vadere*, to fade and decay,
Vado tels me I am in *transitu*,
But it reioyces mee to thinke,
Eo ad Patres.
And this promise comforts,
Sepelieris in ætate bonâ.
Therefore *nec me tædet vivere, nec timeo mori:*

Mihi

Mihi enim Mors ſeruit in ſolatium vitæ.
Vitam habeo in Patientiâ,
Mortem verò in deſiderio.
Plangam ergo paulatim dolorem meum,
Et tunc
Oblitus exilij, Ibo ad Patriam:
nam
Mortuâ morte renertitur mihi vita.

To expreſſe, *Quid ſum.*

QVis fando explicare queat?
Puluis & Aer, this I know;
Et in pulueremreuertêris. This is ſure.
That *homo* is *Morbidum, putre, caſſum:*

This euery man findes.

Homo de humore liquido; This is our mettall,
And the mould is no better, *In vtero impuro*,
Damnatus antequàm natus, that's our Condition.
Semen Abrahæ; thats our beſt Stocke.
Dicens putredini; *Thou art my Mother*,
And to the Wormes, *You are my Brethren*.

So heere is our great kindred.

Our dwelling is, *Inter pulices & culices*, amongſt Flyes and Fleas.
Our qualitie is vile and baſe, lighter then vanity, there is our waight.
A thing of nothing, that's our worth.

Et

Et in non hominem vertitur omnis homo.

There is our end.

What then is our being?

Somnium & dolor eſt tota vita hominis, cùm creſcit vita, decreſcit. Vita ipſa non eſt vita, ſed vmbra mortis & figura vita.

Flentes naſcimur; In labore viuimus; In dolore morimur.

Then certainly

Si natus ſum plorans,
Si morior plangens,
Nolo ego viuere ridens.
Hoc tantum volo.

Animam meam ornare quæ Deo & Angelis.
mox præſentanda eſt in cœlis.

Now for *Quid eris.*

This also I know.

Quod sum, & me non esse, scio.
Sed id esse & nôsse desidero.
Nam videre Deum, viuere cum Deo,
Esse in Deo, & habere Deum:
Hæc est æterna securitas & secura æternitas.
This may bee admired, but cannot be throughly vnderstood:
Yet better vnderstood, then can be expressed.

Therefore to my soule I say not,

O Animula, blandula vagula: but,
O Anima Dei insignita imagine,
Decorata similitudine,

Despon-

Desponsata Fide,
Redempta Sanguine,
Dotata Spiritu,
Deputata cum Angelis,
Quid tibi cum Carne?

But to contemplate

Quanta claritas, quanta suauitas, quanta iucunditas maneat te in illa visione, cùm facie ad faciem videbis Christum?

FINIS.